(3)

T R E A S U R E

a screenplay

by

Brian De Palma

adapted from the screenplay
"Treasure of the Sierra Madre"
by John Huston
from the novel by
B. Traven

1 EXT: CITY STREET - LIMA, PERU

CLOSE UP of a lottery list showing the winning numbers. The ticket DOBBS is holding isn't one of them. He tears it up and turns away from the list. The TRIBES OF BOOTBLACKS that people the street do not pester DOBBS. He's too obviously on his uppers. His clothes are ragged and dirty and his shoes broken. He spots a sleek, well dressed latin in his late forties (JUAN ROMANO) walking down the street. He runs over and stops him.

DOBBS
Got any spare change?

ROMANO waves him aside and moves on. DOBBS turns, looks after the departing figure. ROMANO flips a cigarette away. DOBBS' eyes follow its flight into the gutter. DOBBS moves half a step toward his prize, then halts and looks right and left to make sure no one is watching. The moment of hesitation costs him the cigarette. ONE OF THE BOOTBLACKS swoops down on it. DOBBS pulls his belt in a couple of notches and continues on up the street. He catches up with ROMANO who's dressed in a white suit.

DOBBS
Got any spare change?

ROMANO fishes in his pocket and takes out some coins and dumps them into DOBBS' outstretched hand. DOBBS keeps his head down, never seeing his benefactor's face. ROMANO leaves before DOBBS can thank him. DOBBS crosses the street to a tobacco saand.

2 EXT: SIDEWALK RESTAURANT

DOBBS at a table. He has finished eating. The PROPRIETOR is serving him coffee.

DOBBS
How much?

PROPRIETOR
300 Soles.

DOBBS pays, lights up a cigarette out of his newly purchased pack, and sits back to smoke and enjoy his coffee. A LITTLE BOY barefoot, in ragged cotton pants and a torn shirt, enters through the open door of the restaurant brandishing lottery tickets.

BOY
Buy Ticket?

2 CONTD

DOBBS
Beat it. I'm not buying any more lottery tickets.

BOY
Four hundred thousand soles the big prize.
(he pulls at Dobbs' coat sleeve)

DOBBS
Get away from me.

BOY
Whole ticket only 40 soles, senor. And it's a sure winner.

DOBBS
I haven't got 40 soles.

BOY
Buy a quarter ticket. Only ten soles.
(he pulls at Dobbs' pants leg)

DOBBS
(picking up a water glass)
If you don't get away from me you're getting this right in the face.

BOY
(not moving)
One tenth of a ticket, for one sole.

DOBBS empties the glass in the BOY's face. The BOY laughs.

BOY
One twenty cost you only one-half sole. Look, senor, add the figures up. You get thirteen, what better number could you buy? It's a sure winner.

The PROPRIETOR comes over with DOBBS' change and slaps it on the table. The BOY eyes it hungrily. DOBBS picks up the change, shoves it in his pocket, except for one coin he leaves on the table for a tip.

2 CONTD

DOBBS
When is the drawing?

BOY
Only three weeks off.

DOBBS
(sliding the tip off the table into the Boy's hand)
The service stinks in this place. Give me the twentieth so I don't have to see your ugly face anymore.

The LITTLE MERCHANT tears off the ticket and hands it to DOBBS.

BOY
It's un numero excelente, senor.
(he bites on the coin to see if it's good)
Muchas gracias, senor. Come again next time. All my numbers are winners.

3 EXT: RESTAURANT - DAY

DOBBS exits the restaurant, crosses the street to the plaza where he sits down on one of the benches beside another MAN. He takes out his cigarettes, puts a new one in his mouth, and lights it from the old. A BOOTBLACK picks up the end he throws away.

DOBBS
(to his companion on the bench)
Cigarette?
(he extends the pack)

The MAN takes one. DOBBS gives him a light with his own.

CURTIN
Thanks.

CURTIN takes a long drag. He looks to be in his late twenties, about ten years younger than DOBBS. He has a strong, hard, bitter face with a slightly crooked nose. Like DOBBS, he could use a haircut.

DOBBS
Hot.

3 CONTD

CURTIN
Yeah.

DOBBS
Some town, Lima.

CURTIN
You said it. South America! Land of the Condor ... home of El Dorado and the Incan Empire. Climb the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. Explore the world's largest tropical rain forest. Discover the lost city of gold ... the possibilities for adventure and fortune are limitless. It said it all right there in the guide book. So, I took all my savings out of the bank, kissed off my job, and caught a plane on down here. I wasn't even out of the airport before some pick-pocket had cleaned me out. Didn't say nothing about that in the guide book. Boy, what I wouldn't give for a job so I could make enough money to buy my fare home.

DOBBS
I beat my way up to Chancay last week. There's not an oil outfit that's hiring. I tried 'em all.

CURTIN
You're telling me ... more companies are closing down all the time. Why? What I don't get is ... the world needs oil, right?

DOBBS
That's what I read in the papers. When I can steal one.

CURTIN
It's a hell of a country to be broke in.

DOBBS
Tell me a country that isn't.

4 EXT: WASHINGTON D.C. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Federal Agent TONY CORSO walks over to a parked car. At the wheel is SERGEANT FARREN MALLEY, a broad, stocky D.C. cop in his later forties. TONY opens the passenger side door and gets in. At thirty, TONY is getting a little too heavy; but he is stump solid on well shod feet. Framed in black hair and longish sideburns, his almost pretty face reflects a still youthful expectation that he can convince almost anybody of almost anything.

MALLEY
Tony, how you doin?

TONY
Great. Great.

MALLEY
Don't see you around much anymore.

TONY
Frank and I are finishing up the Detilla case. We were in court all last week.

MALLEY
Well, you're big G Men now. Working ... what do they call it ... the Federal Drug Intelligence Force? Pretty fancy title. No more busting junkies in the park, huh?

TONY
C'mon ... a narc's a narc. What difference does it make whether you're working for City Hall or the Feds?

MALLEY
(laughs)
Are you shitting me? What difference does it make? I'd like to be making the kind of money you're making.

TONY
Hey, I don't forget my friends. I got some info on a good collar if you want it.

MALLEY
What's so good about it?

4 CONTD

TONY
A major coke courtier ... named Juan Romano ... is flying into Dulles tomorrow night. You bust him after he makes customs. He's sure to be carrying some drugs. He's not going to want to do time, so book him anyway; then let him buy you off. I hear he's good for a lot of cash and maybe some names. He could turn you on to something big.

MALLEY
You're being awfully generous, Tony. How come?

TONY
We can't handle all the stuff coming through. Anyway, Frank and I have tickets to see the Boss tomorrow night. Hey, but look ... if he turns into a heavy score, don't forget who gave you the tip. See you in court.

5 EXT: LIMA AIRPORT - DAY

A plane taxis down the runway.

6 INT: PLANE

JUAN ROMANO sits next to a white bearded man in his sixties, HOWARD. HOWARD's left leg is in a plaster cast. It runs from the bottom of his foot to halfway up his thigh.

ROMANO
I'm sorry about this, Howard.

HOWARD
Nothing to be sorry about. I need a stake and you've given it to me.
(patting his breast pocket)
Got a return ticket, too. If things don't work out.

ROMANO
I want you to call on me whenever I can be of any assitance to you.

6 CONTD

HOWARD
Just might do that.

He hands HOWARD a piece of paper. He then looks down at HOWARD's cast.

ROMANO
And be careful. You got a leg full of gold.

ROMANO gets up and returns to his seat in the front of the cabin.

7 EXT: WASHINGTON PARK - NIGHT

In the shadows, three scrawny, raggedy figures are arguing.

LUIS
Don't you understand nothing? All the rings are air ... and each air's a different color.

LEFTY
It ain't no air. Where you ever seen blue, red and green air?

LUIS
On Saturn ... that's where.

BENNY
When have you been on Saturn? Huh?

A car drives up. FRANK MIRA, TONY's partner, gets out and walks over to the arguing men. FRANK is in his late twenties, dark, solidly built, with a warm, sincere, open face.

LEFTY
Hey, Frank, how you doin?

FRANK
How you doin, Benny?

BENNY
Hey, Frank.

FRANK
You guys all waiting for the bus or something?

7 CONTD

BENNY, LUIS, and LEFTY are all starting to sniffle and scratch at an increased rate.

LUIS
We're waiting for nothing.

LEFTY
Nothing comin for us.

BENNY
We're staying right here. This is our own forest preserve which we we are maintaining for a species of junkies about to become extinct.

LUIS
Junkies are a goddamn endangered species.

FRANK
You guys been working?

LUIS
Fuckin' A!

FRANK
What have you got for me?

LEFTY
The snowman comin to town.

BENNY
(angered at Lefty for blurting out such important information)
Where did you hear that?

LEFTY
(realizing he's said something he shouldn't have)
I don't know ... I heard it ... that's what I do ... hear things.

FRANK
When's he coming?

LEFTY
I'm not feeling so good. I got to have some stuff.

7 CONTD

BENNY
Have you got any stuff? Tony's always got some stuff.

FRANK
What am I ... a Goddamn dealer ... give me a break.

BENNY
Give you a break! I can't go anywhere in this town without some connection wantin' to blow me away. I ain't gonna have a place on this goddamn planet pretty soon. Then what am I gonna do? I used to be a plain, honest junkie goin' crazy in my own fuckin' way. You know what I'm saying to you, Frank? I ain't got it so easy bein' a stool for you. You know what I'm sayin' to you? Have some fucking compassion.

FRANK
You shouldn't think of yourself as a stool, Benny. You're more like an undercover cop.

BENNY
Fuck you, Frank ... I'm a stool. And I'm not working for you anymore unless I get some stuff.

FRANK
You work for me or I'll lock you up.

BENNY
(raising his hands to the sky)
Take me away -- Officer -- I have sinned.

LEFTY
(raising his hands)
I've sinned.

LUIS
Me too.

The JUNKIES start marching toward FRANK's car. FRANK shoves them away, gets in the car, and drives off.

8 INT: AUDITORIUM

TONY and FRANK sit amidst a huge CROWD of cheering FANS. On stage THE BOSS AND HIS BAND tear into the final set. Suddenly FRANK's eye is drawn to the side of the stage. BENNY, dressed in a cheap blue suit and tie, carrying a suitcase, is in an animated conversation with TWO OTHER BEARDED MEN..

FRANK
What the fuck is that?

TONY
What?

FRANK
Over there.
(he points)
Benny in a <u>suit</u>!

TONY
Benny in a suit! C'mon ... you must be mistaken.

FRANK
That's Benny ... I know it. What the fuck is he doing here?

TONY
Maybe he likes the Boss?

FRANK
The only thing that junkie fink likes is dope and money.

BENNY shakes hands with the TWO BEARDS and exits from view backstage.

FRANK (contd)
Let's see what he's up to.

TONY
Are you crazy? We had to <u>pay</u> for these tickets!

FRANK
C'mon. This could be something big.

TONY
That's what you said last week when you got one of your hunches and we followed that hood all night. He got laid and we got a belly full of cold coffee.

8 CONTD

FRANK
I'm going ...

He stands up and starts moving down the row of seats.

FRANK (contd)
... and taking the car.

TONY
(yelling after him)
You're buying my cab ride home!

9 EXT: AUDITORIUM

FRANK watches BENNY come out of the backstage entrance, walk to the street, and hail a cab. FRANK runs to his car, gets in, and follows BENNY's cab.

10 EXT: AIRPORT RUNWAY

A plane lands and taxis to the loading ramp. The doors open and the PASSENGERS disembark. Among them are HOWARD and ROMANO.

11 INT: FRANK'S CAR

FRANK watches BENNY's cab take the Dulles airport exit off the parkway. He follows.

12 EXT: INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

BENNY's cab pulls up. BENNY gets out and enters the building. FRANK pulls into a loading zone, jumps out of his car, and heads into the building.

13 INT: INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

ROMANO stands in a customs line. He's wearing a tan hat with a white feather hat hand. HOWARD, leaning on his crutches, waits for his baggage to come off the baggage conveyor belt. Above them, looking down through a glass partition is BENNY. On the same level as BENNY, FRANK watches his stool ... waiting for him to make a move toward his connection.

14 INT: CUSTOMS LINE - INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS BUILDING

ROMANO's baggage is being examined by a CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
Do you have anything to declare?

14 CONTD

ROMANO
It's all listed.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
(looking at the list)
One Retablos ... what's that?

ROMANO
A miniature triptych.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
That some kind of plant?

ROMANO
(shaking his head)
Let's just call it pottery.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ONE
Why didn't you say so in the first place? Okay, open everything up.

ROMANO gives the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR a world weary smile and starts to unzip his luggage.

15 INT: EXIT FROM CUSTOMS INTO MAIN AIRPORT

MALLEY watches the PASSENGERS exiting customs. No sign of ROMANO. He looks up at the arrivals board; checking that the plane is in. He sticks his hand into his coat pocket and retrieves a wad of gum. He pops it into his mouth and continues waiting.

16 INT: BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA

HOWARD is having a little difficulty managing to pull his bag off the conveyor belt. A KID, with a huge backpack on, helps him.

HOWARD
Thanks.

KID
Why don't you let me stick this in a cart for you and get you in line.

HOWARD
Much obliged.

17 INT: GLASSED-IN BALCONY OVERLOOKING CUSTOMS

BENNY is worried as he watches ROMANO opening up all of his luggage for the CUSTOMS OFFICER. FRANK moves up behind him.

17 CONTD

FRANK
Meeting a friend?

BENNY
(starting to sweat)
Oh, hi, Frank ... no, no, no ... I'm meeting nobody ... I hang around the airport all the time ... all the time ... meet a better class of people here.

FRANK
(clamping Benny's arm around his back and twisting it)
You better level with me you little fink or I'm gonna break you.

BENNY
Honest, Frank ... I'm doin nothin' here.

FRANK looks over his shoulder and sights an entrance to a men's room.

FRANK
You don't look too good, Benny. I think we better freshen you up.

FRANK shoves BENNY down the corridor and through the men's room door.

18 INT: THE MEN'S ROOM

FRANK propels BENNY past TWO MEN at the latrines and into a toilet booth. He locks the stall door behind him. The TWO MEN look at each other, quickly finish their respective pisses, and hurry out.

19 INT: CUSTOMS LINE

HOWARD limps in front of the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TWO
How long have you been in South America?

HOWARD
A long time. Went down there after the war to mine gold. Made a hell of a good living at it, too ... 'til the big American companies came in and forced us all out.
(MORE)

19 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
No place left in this world for the independent American businessman.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR TWO
Are you carrying any plants, fruits, etc.?

HOWARD
Are you kidding? That's against the law.

ROMANO has cleared customs. He picks up his luggage and heads for the exit. He passes by HOWARD who is talking to the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR with great animation.

20 INT: BATHROOM STALL

FRANK is beating the shit out of BENNY.

FRANK
So which one is the snowman?

BENNY
The guy with the tan hat.

FRANK
What are you doing with him?

BENNY
Nothing. I was gonna tell you about him. Honest.

FRANK
Give me a break. You were making a run for those rock guys, you fuck.
(he slugs Benny again)

BENNY
I got to get some stuff. I got to take care of myself.

FRANK
By dealing a little cocaine on the side?

BENNY
You don't let us keep the good dope we buy. No, you take the dope to the lab so they can analyze it and tell you it's 100% great
(MORE)

20 CONTD

BENNY (contd)
dope. And then do we get our good dope back? Shit no ... it's evidence against the guy I bought it from and you busted. So it goes to court and no one gets it. All the good dope's in court. Isn't that a fuckin' waste.

FRANK
(he stops hitting Benny)
You know, Benny ... you should run for something.

FRANK lets him fall to the toilet seat. He then unlocks the stall and takes off.

21 INT: AIRPORT TERMINAL

MALLEY is getting hungry. Across from the customs exit is a hot dog stand. He takes a last look down the hallway and ambles across to the stand. FRANK turns the corner just as MALLEY turns his back. FRANK passes behind him and enters the hallway. ROMANO enters the other end of the hallway walking with a GROUP OF PASSENGERS. Behind him limps HOWARD with the YOUNG MAN carrying his bag. FRANK spots the tan hat and rushes toward ROMANO.

FRANK
Alright, hold it right there.

CLOSE SHOT: HOWARD

He stops. In front of him, ROMANO is being shoved up against a wall and frisked. The MAN frisking him feels something in the lining of ROMANO's suit and rips it open. A strip of small plastic envelopes falls to the floor. FRANK scoops them up from the floor and holds them in front of ROMANO's face.

FRANK
Is this it? Is this all there is?

HOWARD starts to back away. Somebody's tipped off the cops. ROMANO sees HOWARD moving backwards and looks at him. He shakes his head to indicate to HOWARD that everything's OK. But FRANK catches the nod and the direction ROMANO's looking. He turns to face the retreating HOWARD. Spotted, HOWARD turns and runs, cast and all. FRANK throws the plastic envelopes into ROMANO's face.

21 CONTD

FRANK
I get it. This is just a taste of what that mule back there is carrying?

ROMANO
I am unfamiliar with your language -- What does this "mule" mean?

FRANK smashes his fist into ROMANO's stomach. ROMANO folds up and collapses to the floor.

FRANK
Just so you'll wait for me.

He runs after HOWARD.

22 INT: CUSTOMS, BAGGAGE AREA

HOWARD runs back through the customs area, past the baggage claim conveyor, and out the door leading to the plane departure gates. The cast, not built for running on, starts breaking off at the bottom, leaving a trail of white powder for FRANK to follow.

AIRPORT HOT DOG STAND

MALLEY is now deep into a soft pretzel when the commotion down the hallway draws his attention toward the collapsed ROMANO, gasping for air on the ground. He drops his pretzel and heads toward him.

HOWARD RUNNING

He passes by a series of departure gates, frantically trying each door, until one finally flies open. HOWARD rushes through it.

FRANK RUNNING

This crippled old guy is faster than FRANK ever imagined. He breathes hard, shoving startled PASSENGERS out of the way trying to catch up with him. But FRANK gets tied up in a GROUP OF NUNS and when he frees himself, HOWARD is nowhere to be seen.

23 EXT: AIRFIELD

The wind is blowing hard. HOWARD leaps off a passenger loading platform onto the airfield. He looks around for a place to hide, sees a truck-sized trashbin,

23 CONTD

dashes over and dives inside. FRANK pursues HOWARD's powder trail to the gate door exit. He pushes it open and runs down the ramp on the air field. No HOWARD. No powder trail. He shakes his head and walks back inside. FRANK looks at the white powder on the rug, kneels down, scoops some up and tastes it. It's pure cocaine.

FRANK
(smiling to himself)
Shit.

24 EXT: AIRPORT

MALLEY is shoving ROMANO into a car. His red-headed partner, SULLY, is at the wheel. FRANK runs up behind him.

FRANK
Where the fuck do you think you're going with my collar?

MALLEY
Your collar! What are you talking about, Frank? I see this mug lying on the floor with a bellyache and a bundle of shit around him. So I arrest him.

FRANK
Who do you think gave him the bellyache?
(he drags Romano out of Malley's car)
He's mine. But, if you're after a big collar, his buddy spilled a trail of cocaine on the rug in there ... and then disappeared on the airfield.

MALLEY
What are you trying to pull, Frank?

FRANK
Somebody's broken the law ... I'm arresting him. I'm going to take him downtown, book him, lock him up. Like any good cop doing his job.

He walks away from MALLEY, dragging ROMANO with him.

24 CONTD

MALLEY
(to Sully)
Big shot Fed! Fuck him!

25 INT: FRANK'S CAR

FRANK pushes ROMANO into the front seat of his car and handcuffs his hands behind his back.

ROMANO
(offhandedly)
That won't be necessary.

FRANK
I'm the kind of guy that double ties my shoes.

FRANK gets into the driver's seat and takes off.

26 INT: FRANK DRIVING OUT OF THE AIRPORT

FRANK
Think it's about time we were introduced?

ROMANO
My name is Juan Romano. I'm traveling here on business and that's all I'm saying until I speak with my lawyer.

FRANK
What's the old guy's name?

ROMANO
I don't know who you're speaking of.

FRANK
Look, Romano ... be an asshole. You know what you'll draw for a smuggling rap like this.

ROMANO
(matter-of-factly)
I know the price. It is little.

FRANK
What do you mean? Your buddy had a ton of coke on him.

ROMANO
Who is this "buddy" of mine?

26 CONTD

FRANK
What about the stuff on you?

ROMANO
(shrugging)
An insignificant amount.

FRANK
You're a pretty cool customer, Romano. Who the hell are you?

27 INT: HEADQUARTERS - FRANK'S DESK

FRANK is typing out the ROMANO bust. The form he's using has "Federal Drug Intelligence Force" stamped across the top. Two Federal agents, KANE and CONNORS, walk up to FRANK's desk.

KANE
You're moving in fast company, Mira.

FRANK
What do you mean?

KANE
Didn't you bust Juan Romano at Dulles?

FRANK
Yeah. So what?

CONNORS
So, he's one of the major South American Drug couriers.

FRANK
Are you kidding me? I found this guy with the stuff sewn into his coat! Like a fuckin' college kid!

KANE
Maybe he wanted to get busted.

FRANK
Why?

KANE
Maybe he's working undercover? I checked this guy's sheet. He goes way back with the bureau as an informant.

27 CONTD

FRANK
That means he'll work.

KANE
Or is working. This guy's a snake, Frank. I'd lock him up and walk away.

28 INT: ARRAIGNMENT COURT

COPS wait with evidence and PRISONERS. TONY stands next to his PRISONER, a beat up PUSHER. MALLEY and SULLY come through the door. MALLEY walks over to TONY.

MALLEY
What are you jerking me around for, Tony?
(he grips Tony's shoulder hard)

TONY
(unsuccessfully trying to push Malley's hand away)
What are you talking about?

MALLEY
(burning sarcasm)
That big, heavyweight collar you gave me out of the goodness of your heart.

TONY
What about it?

MALLEY
Your fucking partner took it!

TONY
You're fucking crazy, Malley.

TONY pushes MALLEY off. Moving fast through the street door, he drags his PRISONER behind him.

29 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

TONY paces back and forth in front of the desk of U.S. Attorney ALEXANDER SESSIONS: a small, meticulously groomed man in his mid-forties. To the right of SESSIONS stands Assistant D.A. JIM BARRIS; a handsome, dark featured man. His strong jaw and crisp manner makes a dramatic contrast to his more thoughtfully deliberate CHIEF.

29 CONTD

TONY
I mean, what is this shit? How the hell does Frank get together with Romano?

BARRIS
I don't know. But he's got him in a Fed jail. He's screwed up my whole plan.

TONY
This is the F.B.I., isn't it? The Special Corruption Probe? I thought we were after city corruption: lawyers, judges, D.A.'s, right? So, how does this scumbag end up with my partner?

BARRIS
Cause he started at the bottom of the barrel.

TONY
Fuck you! I'm not working undercover to set up my partner.

BARRIS
You'll set up anybody we want you to set up.

TONY
Like I said. Fuck you!

TONY turns his back on BARRIS and heads for the door.

BARRIS
No, Tony. Fuck you. And you know that we got the stuff to do it. So, stick that Dago pride up your ass ... and sit down!

TONY slowly sits back down. The mask of moral indignation vanishes from his face. It's replaced with a compliant, concerned frown.

SESSIONS
I'm not completely familiar with this case, Barris. Run it down for me.

29 CONTD

BARRIS
Juan Romano is a big coke courier and one of our best confidential informants. We jammed him up last spring, so he's working his time off for us. My plan was to have him busted by one of Tony's old corrupt pals on the D.C. Police Force. Once he was booked, Romano could start bribing his way up. We'd planned to nail his lawyer, his D.A., his judge and anyone else that extended a helping hand. But, he got busted by the wrong cop.

SESSIONS
And booked in the wrong court.

BARRIS
(nodding)
Right.

SESSIONS
Well, I don't see there's any problem. I'll have this Frank Mira drop his case.

TONY
(laughing)
No problem? Are you kidding? Frank's gonna think Romano is the biggest coke dealer he ever saw. He's the kind of big fish a narc dreams his whole life of nailing. He's going to be all over him.

SESSIONS
I told you ... I'll get him to drop it.

TONY
You're a special prosecutor. You have no authority over Frank.

SESSIONS
We'll see.
(turning to his assistant)
Get Frank Mira ... I want to talk to him.

30 INT: HEADQUARTERS - FRANK'S DESK

Seated at his desk, FRANK is completing his paper work on ROMANO. His phone rings.

FRANK
Yeah ... yeah ... this is Detective Mira.

SESSIONS
This is Alexander Sessions.

FRANK
Yeah?

SESSIONS
I'm heading up the Bureau's Corruption Probe.

FRANK
So?

SESSIONS
I've been informed that you have a Juan Romano.

FRANK
Yeah. That's right.

SESSIONS
I want you to release him.

FRANK
I can't do that.

SESSIONS
Look, Detective Mira ... Romano is working undercover on a very big case for us.

FRANK
That's too bad ... all I know is I busted him smuggling coke and he's going to jail.

SESSIONS
(getting mad)
I'm not asking you ... I'm ordering you!

FRANK
Hey, I don't work for you.

SESSIONS
Put your captain on the line.

30 CONTD

FRANK
What am I ... a fucking switchboard operator? Call him yourself!

FRANK slams down the phone.

31 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

SESSIONS is holding a dead line.

BARRIS
Should I get his captain?

SESSIONS
That arrogant son of a bitch. He didn't even know who I was.

TONY
You can't muscle Frank Mira, he's an honest cop.

SESSIONS
We'll see.
(to Barris)
Call him back. Apologize. Ask him if I could see him and his prisoner ... personally.

32 EXT: AIRPORT - LARGE PLANE ON RUNWAY

The boarding platform is just about to be rolled away when HOWARD races to the foot of it. He waves his boarding pass at the GROUND CREW. They stop their work and motion him up the staircase. HOWARD bounds up the steps and enters the plane. The cabin door closes behind him and the plane rolls down the airstrip.

33 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

FRANK paces the room. SESSIONS watches him from behind his desk. BARRIS sits quietly in another chair.

FRANK
This is a big time dealer. I'll work with you, but I'm not giving him up.

SESSIONS
(trying to be pleasant)
I'm asking you.

33 CONTD

FRANK
Just give me a little time with him. I got a plan. When he makes bail, I'll confiscate his passport. He's a big time dealer. He'll need his passport, see. He'll need to travel. I can make him think I'll deal with him. I can dance with him so he won't even know we're dancin'.

SESSIONS
(bluffing)
I talked to your captain.

FRANK
If he's on the street, I'll work him. I'll make him pay off even bigger than what you guys have got him working on.

SESSIONS
He wants you off him.

FRANK
Bullshit!

SESSIONS
You were a city cop weren't you, Mira?

FRANK
That's right.

SESSIONS
And you just started to work for the government.

FRANK
Six months.

SESSIONS
And you think all Feds are assholes, don't you?

FRANK says nothing.

SESSIONS (contd)
And you're going to show us how to do our job?

33 CONTD

FRANK
Let me get this guy for you. Give me a couple of months.

SESSIONS
(suddenly changing his mood completely. He smiles at Frank)
Okay ... you got him.

FRANK
Thanks ... he's a real cobra, But I'll nail him. You won't be sorry.

SESSIONS
On your way out, could you send "the Cobra" in here ... I want to talk to him.

FRANK
(heading out the door)
Sure.

FRANK exits and ROMANO enters.

ROMANO
What happened?

BARRIS
You got busted by the wrong cop.

SESSIONS
And booked in the wrong court.

ROMANO
(he shrugs)
What does it matter? So I'm in a Federal Court System. I'll still bribe my way out.

SESSIONS
I don't want Federal Court; I want D.C.

BARRIS
It's too late. Romano is a Federal case now.

SESSIONS
Mira has screwed this all up.

33 CONTD

ROMANO
I could bribe this Mira ... He pretends to be tough. But he's soft -- his ambition makes him so.

SESSIONS
He talked to me like I wasn't even here. Unbelievable.

ROMANO
This Mira's very corrupt. It will be good for such an arrogant man to be broken. The disgrace will make him more humble ... a better human being ... yes?

SESSIONS
(he smiles at Romano)
Yes.

34 EXT: CALLAO - WATERFRONT - DUSK

A large boat is being loaded. DOBBS walks slowly along, his eyes to the pavement. He stops outside a cantina, listening to the tinny music of a player piano. The swinging doors open and TWO SAILORS come out.

DOBBS
Got any spare change?

They push past him and are gone. He's about to move on when the door opens again and a MAN, very tall and bulky, appears.

DOBBS (contd)
Got any spare change?

MCCORMICK
(interrupting)
I won't give you one red cent, but if you want to make some money, I'll give you a job.

DOBBS
What's the catch?

MCCORMICK
No catch. I got a job if you want it. Hard work but good pay. Ever rig an offshore camp?

DOBBS
Sure.

34 CONTD

MCCORMICK
That's my boat down there loading up. One of my men hasn't shown up. I don't know what's happened to him and I don't have time to find out.

DOBBS
What's the pay?

MCCORMICK
Fifty bucks, in American dollars, a day. Grub comes off on your expenses ... Well, don't just stand there, make up your mind. You have to come the way you are. No time to get your clothes or anything.

DOBBS
I'm your man.

The HUGE FELLOW takes DOBBS by the arm and they walk to the boat. About a DOZEN MEN are standing near the gang plank. MCCORMICK starts counting heads. DOBBS recognizes CURTIN in the group.

DOBBS
Still looking for adventure?

CURTIN
You bet!

MCCORMICK
Okay, you guys ... get aboard.

35 EXT: AN OFFSHORE DRILLING PLATFORM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN

About FIFTY MEN are at work, including DOBBS and CURTIN. They are engaged in the erection of a derrick. DOBBS, one leg snake-fashion around a cable, grabs the heavy boards that are swung up and bolts them. CURTIN helps to bring the boards into position. Their skin has been blackened by the sun and sweat pours off of them. From time to time they groan under the exertions. Below, we hear a voice shouting "Come and get it." DOBBS and CURTIN stops working, climb down the derrick, and get into the chow line. MCCORMICK falls in step beside them.

35 CONTD

MCCORMICK
What's the matter? Can't you two take it?

DOBBS
Must be a hundred and thirty in the shade ... and there ain't any shade up on the derrick.

MCCORMICK
Depends on how you see it. From where I'm standing, you look like a couple of millionaires in your own private steambath. The sooner we're through, the sooner we'll be back in town drinking cold beer.

MCCORMICK lowers his voice confidentially.

MCCORMICK (contd)
If we finish within two weeks, I'm going to give you guys a bonus.

DOBBS
We got it comin' ... working sixteen, eighteen hours a day.

MCCORMICK
Now, don't start crying for your mothers. What do you want? I'm paying top salaries ... and a bonus.

DOBBS
What about our pay? I haven't seen a dime, yet.

MCCORMICK
You'll get your dough, alright. Don't you worry about that. When we get back to Callao. What would you do with it here anyway, except gamble and lose it.

DOBBS
I'm a hell of a gambler ... why the fuck do you think I'm here?

MCCORMICK
You boys just hold your water. You'll get paid as soon as you step off of the boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT: WATERFRONT - MCCORMICK'S BOAT IS DOCKED

Little groups of MEN, members of MCCORMICK's work gang, are standing around. MCCORMICK comes up to one group which includes DOBBS and CURTIN.

DOBBS
This is the boat. We just stepped off. Where's our money?

MCCORMICK
(scratching his head)
The agent was supposed to be here with it. I don't know what could have happened. Nothing to worry about, though. I'll go over to the office and pick it up myself.

He pulls DOBBS aside and lowers his voice.

MCCORMICK (contd)
Supposing I meet you two in about an hour at that cantina right off the plaza.

DOBBS
Any objection to us going along with you?

MCCORMICK
(suddenly angry)
What's the matter, don't you trust me? Do you think I'd run out on you?

DOBBS
No, Pat, I don't think you'd do a thing like that; but I haven't got a cent, even to buy me a new shirt or a glass of beer.

MCCORMICK
(taking some money out of his pocket)
Here.
(he gives Dobbs some change)
This will hold you for an hour.
(he looks at his watch)
It's a quarter to two. I'll be at the cantina no later than three o'clock.

36 CONTD

He turns and goes off before DOBBS can object.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: CLOCK OVER CANTINA BAR READING 5:30

BARTENDER (VO)
Pat McCormick? Si. He comes in here time to time. No see him lately.

DOBBS, CURTIN and other CUSTOMERS face the BARTENDER across the bar.

CUSTOMER
(ruggedly built, middle-aged now, slightly drunk)
Pat McCormick? What about Pat McCormick?

DOBBS
He was supposed to meet us here.

CUSTOMER
Does he owe you any money?

DOBBS nods.

CUSTOMER (contd)
How long you guys been around Callao, anyway?

DOBBS
(suddenly suspicious)
What's that got to do with it?

CUSTOMER
You got to be new in town or just plain stupid to fall for Pat McCormick's scam.

CURTIN
What do you mean?

CUSTOMER
I mean ... he gets dumb guys like you to work for him, and when the time comes for him to pay off, he takes a powder.

CURTIN and DOBBS grit their teeth in frustration. They've been had.

36 CONTD

CURTIN
How much money we got left?

DOBBS
(taking some coins out of his pocket and counting them)
Six fifty.

CURTIN
Not even enough for one bed.

DOBBS
I know a joint where we can get cots for fifty a night. It's full of rats and roaches; but beggars can't be choosers.

37 INT: FLOPHOUSE

A row of cots constitutes the sleeping quarters. DOBBS and CURTIN move down the narrow aisle between two rows of cots on which MEN are sitting or lying. A conversation is taking place in the far corner among THREE AMERICANS. The one doing most of the talking is HOWARD.

HOWARD
Cocaine? Millions worth. Just falling off the bushes. Not five days from here by rail and pack train. A harvest waiting for the right guy to come along, pick it up, and carry it to market. The question is ... are you the right guy? Sounds simple, doesn't it? Answer me one question then. Why is a thousand dollars worth of coca leaves in the Andes worth a million dollars on the streets of New York?

MAN
That's easy ... it's illegal.

DOBBS and CURTIN stops in front of two unoccupied cots behind HOWARD. They start undressing while listening to the old man.

HOWARD
That's part of it. But not for the reason you think. Making
(MORE)

37 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
it illegal just keeps the price up. I mean, I know all about inflation but how high can you mark up a pound of hamburger? Legally, that is? And even if it cost ten times as much on the black market ... if you're hungry ... you'll pay it and eat it. And it will keep you alive. Coke will kill ya -- it's worth nothing to your body and it just eats up your soul.

MAN
So why's it worth so much?

The OLD MAN bursts out laughing.

HOWARD
Cause it makes you feel so damn good. Folks want it and will pay anything for it. Plain old supply and demand. All you got to do is get to them and that's where the madness begins.

They are silent in their thoughts for a while. HOWARD rolls a cigarette and lights it. Then he resumes.

HOWARD (contd)
Coke's a devilish sort of thing. When you go out you tell yourself, "I'll be satisfied with one million smackers worth of it, so help me lord and cross my heart." Fine resolution. After months of sweating yourself dizzy, growing short on provisions, gasping for air, and freezing your ass off at night in those Godforsaken mountains, you say to yourself, "one harvest, 100 kilos of coca, that's enough for me ... I'll never ask for anything more the rest of my life."

FIRST MAN
How much is that worth on the street?

HOWARD
About 100,000 dollars.

37 CONTD

FIRST MAN
That is enough for me.

SECOND MAN
In this flea trap five bucks would be enough for you.

HOWARD
Now you get the idea. But I tell you, it wouldn't be enough; you'd keep piling up the leaves, soaking them down to paste, until you had a million worth. Then two ... then three, you couldn't be dragged away.

DOBBS and CURTIN have stopped undressing to listen to what the OLD MAN is saying.

HOWARD (contd)
Not even the threat of miserable death would stop you from trying to add just a million more. Just like roulette ... just one more turn ... always one more. You lose your sense of values and your character changes entirely. Your soul stops being the same as it was before.

DOBBS
(unable to restrain himself)
It wouldn't be like that with me. I swear it. I'd take only as much as I set out to get, even if there were millions more lying around howling to be taken to market.

HOWARD looks at him, examining, it seems, every line in his face. The scrutiny goes on for some time; then he shifts his eyes away and continues as though he had not been interrupted.

HOWARD
I've harvested coca up and down the Andes from Columbia to Peru. I've processed coca paste into pure cocaine. I've smuggled coke stashed in everything from a
(MORE)

37 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
girl's pussy to a 707. I've cut it, snorted it, eaten it, and shot it. Believe me, I know what it does to your soul.

FIRST MAN
Did it ever make you rich?

A faraway look comes into HOWARD's eyes.

HOWARD
Yes. It made me rich.

FIRST MAN
Then how come you're sitting in here in this joint ... a bum like us?

HOWARD
Coke, my young man. That's what it makes of us. Cause if you're moving it -- you sure as hell are snorting it. Never knew a snowman that wasn't high. Never knew a snowman that died rich. If he makes a fortune, he's sure to blow it trying to make another. Because on coke you can do anything, and when you think you can do anything, you can do nothing. And I ain't no exception to that rule.

He shakes himself as if to throw off bad memories.

HOWARD (contd)
Sure, I'm an old gnawed bone now, but don't you kids think the spirit is gone. I'll climb those mountains and start picking those leaves again anytime somebody's willing to share expenses. I'd rather go all by myself. That's the best way ... going it alone. Of course, you've got to have the stomach for loneliness. Lots of guys go nutty with it. On the other hand, going with a partner or two is dangerous. All the time murder's lurking about. Hardly a day passes without quarrels ... the partners accusing each other of all sorts

(MORE)

37 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
of crimes, and suspecting whatever you do or say. As long as the leaves stay on the bush, the noble brotherhood will last, but when the kilos begin to grow, that's when the trouble starts.

CURTIN
I wouldn't mind having that kind of trouble.

DOBBS
Me neither.

HOWARD reaches out and turns off the kerosene lamp.

38 EXT: PLAZA - AFTERNOON

CURTIN and DOBBS are on the bench where they first met. It is obvious by their appearance that no luck has come their way.

DOBBS
Do you believe what that old man said about coke changing a man's soul so's he ain't the same person he was before finding it?

CURTIN
(after a moment, thoughtfully)
Guess that depends on the man.

DOBBS
Exactly what I say. Coke don't carry any curse with it. Have you ever used it?

CURTIN
I have a tough enough time keeping my belly full. Never had much use for drugs.

DOBBS
Me neither. And I don't plan to.

CURTIN's eyes are caught and held by something OFF CAMERA. He is no longer listening to DOBBS.

DOBBS (contd)
The way I see it, coke can be as much of a blessing as a curse.

38 CONTD

CURTIN
Hey, Dobbsie ...

DOBBS
Yeah?

CURTIN
Look at who's coming out of the hotel ... is that Pat McCormick or am I seeing things?

DOBBS
It's him.

MCCORMICK strolls out into the plaza. By his side, an INDIAN GIRL is flashing a low cut dress, a silk parasol, and considerably phoney jewelry.

CURTIN
Let's get him. Let's get him hard.

MCCORMICK stops in his tracks as the TWO rush toward him.

MCCORMICK
(grinning)
Hello, boys. How are you? Want a drink?

His extreme affability has the effect of keeping the TWO MEN from sailing right into him. He addresses the GIRL.

MCCORMICK
I've got some business to attend to with these two gentlemen. You go back to the hotel and wait. I won't be long.

He steers her back toward the hotel.

MCCORMICK (contd)
(turning back to Dobbs and Curtin)
Okay, boys. Let's have a drink. It's on me.

DOBBS
Okay.

They step into a cantina.

38 CONTD

MCCORMICK
(to the bartender)
Three shots of rye.

CURTIN
Make mine brandy. Three star.

DOBBS
Two brandies.

MCCORMICK
Rye is good enough for me.

The drinks are put down before them.

MCCORMICK (contd)
Well, boys, I suppose you're wondering about that money that's coming to you. Fact is, I haven't been paid on that contract myself. If I had the money, you'd get it first thing. You know that. I'll take you both on my next contract. It'll go through by Monday and we can set out Friday. Glad to have you boys aboard again. Let's drink to it.

They all drink.

CURTIN
We want what's coming to us ... and we want it here and now.

MCCORMICK
Didn't I just get through telling you ...

CURTIN
Better come across, Pat.

MCCORMICK
Tell you what I'll do, boys ... I'll give you twenty five percent. No. I'll make it thirty. The balance, let's say, the middle of next week.

CURTIN
Nothing doing. Here and now. Every cent you owe us or they'll carry you out of here.

38 CONTD

MCCORMICK
Now, let's not get hot headed about this. We're still friends aren't we? How about another drink?
(to the bartender)
Two more Hennesseys for the gentlemen. Put the bottle on the bar.

DOBBS
If you got any ideas about getting us drunk ...

MCCORMICK
I'm only inviting you to have a friendly drink with me.

He reaches for the bottle. Instead of pouring, he hits CURTIN on the head with it. CURTIN goes down. MCCORMICK swings at DOBBS. DOBBS ducks, then backs away. MCCORMICK starts after him but CURTIN, on the floor, grabs him around the knees. MCCORMICK tries to kick himself free, but CURTIN hangs on. Now, DOBBS smashes him in the face. It's a long fight and a tough one. At times, it's DOBBS who's down and CURTIN who's up. They fight in relays, with determination born of hunger and finally bring the huge hulk of MCCORMICK down to stay. His eyes are both swollen shut and his face is a bloody muess.

MCCORMICK
(begging)
Okay ... okay. I've had enough.

CURTIN
Give us our money.

DOBBS
Yeah, give us our money.

They kick him until he produces a fat wallet from his back pocket.

MCCORMICK
I can't see ...

DOBBS grabs the wallet, takes out a roll of bills, and counts out what's coming to himself and CURTIN. Then he throws a bill to the BARTENDER.

38 CONTD

DOBBS
(to the bartender)
For the use of the cantina.
(to Curtin)
Come on. Let's beat it before the law arrives.

39 EXT: A WATER FOUNTAIN

DOBBS and CURTIN bathe their wounds.

DOBBS
You know what I'm thinking, Curt?

CURTIN
Harvesting some coca leaves?

DOBBS
Yeah. That old man started me thinking. We could take our money and turn it into a million dollars. There's risk involved. Hell, we could all wind up in jail.

CURTIN
Jail couldn't be any worse than scraping for pennies here.

DOBBS
That's what I figure. I wonder how we get the coca?

CURTIN
The old man would know.

DOBBS
The sooner we leave, the better. Let's find that old man ... he can give us some pointers. He's too old to take along, of course. We'd have to carry him on our backs.

CURTIN
You can't tell about some of these old guys. It's surprising sometimes how tough they are ... where are we going, anyway?

DOBBS
I don't know ... up in the mountains, somewhere.

39 CONTD

CURTIN
How do we refine it? How do we smuggle it into the States? Who do we sell it to?

DOBBS
Okay ... okay. Maybe you're right.

CURTIN
I tell you ... we're going to need an experienced guy like that old timer.

40 INT: FLOP HOUSE

DOBBS, CURTIN and HOWARD are in a huddle.

HOWARD
Will I go? What a question. Of course I'll go. Any time. Any day. I was only waiting for one or two guys to ask me. Looking for a snowbird? Always at your service.

HOWARD takes a pencil and begins scribbling on the back of a magazine.

HOWARD (contd)
I've got three thousand American bucks ready cash here in the bank. Two thousand of them I'm all ready to invest. It's the last money I have in the world. After it's gone, I'm finished. But, if you don't take a risk you can't make a win. How much dough have you guys got to put in?

DOBBS
I got fifteen hundred and Curtin's got the same.

A little BOY, barefooted and ragged, is moving down the aisle by the rows of cots, selling lottery tickets.

BOY
Buy a ticket on loteria National ... one hundred thousand soles the big prize.

40 CONTD

HOWARD
Five thousand bucks ... that ain't hardly enough to pay the campesinos and buy the chemicals to process the paste down. Plus we'll need some guns.

DOBBS
Guns? What do we need guns for?

HOWARD
Meat's one thing. We'll kill our own. And the cops is another. Then we got to get into the States. Fly it? Mule it?

DOBBS
Wait a minute ... you're going a little fast for me. Who are these campesinos.

HOWARD
The coca plant farmers. I got some friends that will help us out. But we need more cash. I'd say we couldn't do it for less than eight grand.

DOBBS
That much, eh?

HOWARD
Can't you dig up any more?

DOBBS shakes his head. A few feet away the BOY selling lottery tickets stops in his tracks and stares intently at DOBBS. Then he rushes forward.

BOY
Give me money, senor. Ten percent I get for having sold you the prize-winning ticket.

DOBBS
(misunderstanding)
Get away from me.

BOY
Please, senor ... it is the custom. Whoever draws the lucky number always gives a present to the seller of the ticket. If you
(MORE)

40 CONTD

BOY (contd)
don't you will have bad luck for the rest of your life.

DOBBS
I tell you I don't want any lottery ticket.
(suddenly hearing the boy)
What? What's that?

HOWARD
He says you bought a winning ticket from him.

A memory flashes through DOBB's mind. He leans forward, peers into the BOY's face, then begins to dig and claw in his pockets. He finally produces a lottery ticket, unfolds it, and holds it toward the BOY.

DOBBS
This is it?

BOY
Si, senor ... si!

DOBBS
It's a winner?

BOY
Si, four thousand American dollars. You give me four hundred, yes?

DOBBS
You bet. Where do we collect?

BOY
You follow me, senor.

They head up the aisle with DOBBS behind. Suddenly, DOBBS stops, turning back to HOWARD and CURTIN.

DOBBS
C'mon, Curtin ... I don't feel safe with all that money alone.

HOWARD
That's a hell of a lot of money, boy. Maybe you better stick it in the bank and we'll forget all this.

40 CONTD

DOBBS
Are you kidding? It's a sign. That old roulette wheel comin' up with my number. This little business venture is blessed by Lady Luck.

41 EXT: STREET

DOBBS and CURTIN walk after the BOY.

DOBBS
(extends his hand to Curtin)
You want to shake the hand that bought this ticket?

CURTIN takes DOBBS' hand.

CURTIN
Congratulations.

DOBBS
(pumping Curtin's hand)
Congratulations yourself. We're going to be rich. That money falling from heaven just when we need it is like a miracle. Now we got out eight grand stake.

CURTIN
Yeah ... but ...

DOBBS
But what?

CURTIN
That lottery money is yours. Why should you be putting it up for me?

DOBBS
This is an all or nothing proposition. If we pull this off, we'll be lighting our cigars with hundred dollar bills. And if we don't, the difference between what I'm putting up and what you're putting up ain't going to mean shit. Because we're

(MORE)

41 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
either going to be in jail, dead, or just as dirt broke as the day I met you on that bench.

DOBBS holds his hand out again.

DOBBS (contd)
So, put it there ... partner.

42 EXT: WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY

FRANK and TONY watch the entrance from a car parked across the street.

TONY
I gotta take a piss.

FRANK
So what else is new?

TONY
Let's get out of here. We've got to be in court by ten.

FRANK
You take it.

TONY
What are you talking about, "You take it." We'll blow the case if we both don't show up.

FRANK
Who gives a fuck ... Detilla's an insect.

TONY
An insect! It took us six months to nail that fuck!

FRANK
So go! You can handle it.

TONY
I don't get you, Frank. We've been on this spic's tail day and night. And what have we got? He sleeps until one, has three hour lunches, buys five hundred dollar suits, has four hour dinners, gets laid, gets drunk, goes to bed,
(MORE)

42 CONTD

TONY (contd)
and does the same fucking thing all over again the next day.

FRANK
He's dealing. I know it.

TONY
Suppose he cashes in and takes off?

FRANK
I got his passport.

TONY
Suppose he gets another one?

FRANK
He's a superstar. Every customs agent all over the world knows his face. He's too big for a phony passport.

FRANK sees ROMANO come out of the hotel.

FRANK (contd)
Here he comes. Let's go.

ROMANO starts walking down the street. FRANK slips out of the car and follows him. TONY starts the car up and pulls out. He drives ahead of ROMANO. ROMANO catches the movement of the car as it passes him. ROMANO pauses at an intersection letting TONY get halfway down the block ahead of him. He then reverses direction heading back toward the hotel. FRANK ducks into a store before ROMANO sees him. ROMANO walks quickly past the store. FRANK comes out of the store and sees ROMANO rounding a corner. FRANK rushes after him. When FRANK turns the corner, he sees a subway entrance, a couple of bars, and a movie theatre ... but no ROMANO. He decides to try the subway and runs towards it.

43 INT: THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

FRANK rushes onto the platform. A COUPLE OF PEOPLE stand around waiting for a train. Still no sign of ROMANO.

44 EXT: BACK ON THE STREET

FRANK comes up the subway exit. TONY pulls up beside him. FRANK leans on the car talking into the window.

44 CONTD

FRANK
The fuck either knows we're tailing him or he's got some crazy way of getting around. He's going somewhere he doesn't want us to know about.

TONY
Maybe you should remind him that he's the prisoner.

Suddenly ROMANO strolls up to them and stops.

ROMANO
You guys looking for me? We should keep in closer touch.

FRANK
We miss you.

ROMANO
I feel the same. Good friends should spend time together, no?

FRANK
Yes.

ROMANO
I've been working hard and neglecting my good friends. Could we have lunch?

45 INT: AN EXPENSIVE ITALIAN RESTAURANT

TONY, FRANK and ROMANO are working their way through a five course meal.

ROMANO
I've talked with my associates. They need me. I must go to Santa Cruz. But, what can I do without my passport?
(refilling Frank's wine glass)
You can help, no?

FRANK
Now, why should I help you? You haven't been helping me.

ROMANO
I had a call from a very old friend. It's a very big deal.
(MORE)

45 CONTD

ROMANO (contd)
Something you might be interested in.

FRANK
How big?

ROMANO
Many, many millions.

FRANK
You'll set him up?

ROMANO
I don't know.
(he pauses for dramatic emphasis)
That would make a rat of me. I wouldn't want to be a rat. That would hurt me.

FRANK
Would having your passport make you feel any better.

But ROMANO is not listening. Outside on the street is an attractive high class HOOKER looking at the menu in the window.

ROMANO
This talk of being a rat depresses me. Maybe a little fresh air would help.

FRANK
Look, Romano. You better score for me. That was the deal.

ROMANO
You Americans are always in such a rush. Believe me, I'll honor my commitments, but you must have patience.

ROMANO starts to get up, not losing sight of the GIRL.

ROMANO (contd)
Let's have dinner soon. Maybe you bring my passport?

FRANK
I can't give you your passport. What keeps you from disappearing on us?

45 CONTD

ROMANO
You upset me, Frank. I thought we had an understanding. Are we not friends? Do not friends honor and respect their commitments to each other?

FRANK
Yeah.

ROMANO
Well, then ... what's the problem?

FRANK
I won't be able to sell this to my chief. He doesn't know you the way I do, Juan.

ROMANO
Maybe he needs some special consideration. Sometimes men that do not have faith in each other need other expressions of trust. It hurts me deeply, but such is the way of the world. We'll talk some more. Much better than chasing each other around the streets like children.

He gets up and leaves the restaurant. Outside, he walks over to the HOOKER and they start talking.

FRANK
"Expressions of trust." What do you think that boils down to in cash?

TONY
I don't know.

FRANK
(watching Romano pick her up)
We got to find out where he's operating from. All we're getting out of that tap on his hotel phone is his room service orders.

TONY
He knows we're tailing him.

45 CONTD

ROMANO and the HOOKER are now in animated conversation. She's smiling alot.

FRANK
Do you think he'll fuck her now or later?

TONY
What are you talking about? He never gets laid in the afternoon ... it cuts into his shopping.

FRANK
Yeah ... you're right. I've got an idea.

TONY
(looking at his watch)
Fuck your idea. I'm going to court.

46 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WASHINGTON HOTEL

ROMANO is kissing the HOOKER goodbye. He walks into the hotel and the HOOKER waves for a cab. FRANK pulls up beside her.

FRANK
(showing her his shield)
Step inside, honey. I want to talk to you.

HOOKER
I'm not doing anything.

FRANK
Nobody said you were ... just get in. I want to talk to you.

The HOOKER gets into the car.

FRANK (contd)
You going to fuck that guy?

HOOKER
(she laughs out loud)
What are you ... his boyfriend?

FRANK
Sort of.

(MORE)

46 CONTD

FRANK (contd)
(he takes out a large roll of bills)
You could do me a big favor if you get fucked, but not in that hotel. Make him take you to his place.

FRANK spreads three one hundred dollar bills on the dashboard. The HOOKER shakes her head and takes them.

HOOKER
You cops are weird.

47 EXT: A TRAIN IN THE SOUTHERN ANDES

The train travels from Puno to Cuzco.

48 INT: DAY COACH

The train is crowded with INDIANS and TOURISTS. HOWARD sits next to CURTIN. On the bench across from them DOBBS is sleeping. HOWARD and CURTIN are studying a map the OLD MAN has resting on his knees.

HOWARD
We buy our llamas at Cuzco and head northeast away from the railroad. My friends are up in here.
(he points to a blank area on the map)
It ain't on the map ... and there ain't no trails there. That way the cops and the mob families don't know about it.

CURTIN
What mob families?

HOWARD
All the coke that comes out of here is controlled by a couple of local "mafiosi" that own the land and pay the farmers shit for their crops. My friends are independent types, like to sell their own crops at their own price. If the mafiosi knew about them they'd be dead.

CURTIN
How come they don't know about them?

48 CONTD

HOWARD
You'll see.

49 EXT: MOUNTAIN

THREE MEN and their llamas -- tiny specks in the distance. HOWARD climbs a steep slope. The OLD MAN proceeds at the unwearying gait of one who's accustomed to measuring out endless miles on foot. DOBBS and CURTIN stagger with weariness. DOBBS half falls, half sits down gasping for breath.

DOBBS
I've got to catch my breath.

CURTIN
Huh?

DOBBS
My breath! I'm a human being. I gotta breath.
(watching Howard move up the mountain)
Look at him, will you?

CURTIN
Remember what you said back in town about having to carry the old man on our backs?

DOBBS
Hey, no one told me he was the son of a goat.

CUF
(grinning)
What gets me is how he can go all day long under this sun without water.

DOBBS
He's part camel, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT: A SMALL CAMPFIRE

HOWARD has cooked hard tack in a skillet and is eating.

HOWARD
Hey, you fellers. How about eating?

50 CONTD

But neither of the inert bodies lying with their backs to the fire show any sign of life. HOWARD shakes CURTIN by the shoulder.

HOWARD
How about eating?

CURTIN
Don't want to eat ... tired ... cold ... want to sleep.

HOWARD
Hey, Dobbs.

DOBBS' only answer is a snore.

51 EXT: THE FOLLOWING DAY

The llama train and the THREE MEN move up the side of the mountain. The wind is brutal and suddenly it starts snowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT: A MOUNTAIN COVERED WITH SNOW

CURTIN and HOWARD, shovels in hand, dig their way through it. DOBBS throws down his shovel and lights up a cigarette. Trying to inhale in the high altitude he starts coughing. HOWARD turns back toward him.

HOWARD
Can't smoke up here. Your lungs need all the oxygen they can get. You'll kill yourself.

DOBBS
Everything's dead up here ... why should I be any different? I haven't seen a live thing in days.

HOWARD
I told you we were going to a place nobody knows.

DOBBS
And I don't want to know it, either.
(turning to Curtin)
You know what I'm thinking? I'm
(MORE)

52 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
thinking we ought to give up ... leave the whole outfit ... everything behind ... and go back to civilization.

HOWARD turns back to his work shoveling his way into a wall of snow.

HOWARD
What's that you say? Go back ... well, tell my old grandmother I've got two very elegant bedfellows who squeal like kittens at the first snow flake and hide in the closet from the mountain winds. My, my what grand snowbirds.

DOBBS
(striding over to him)
Shut up.

DOBBS jerks HOWARD around to face him and throws a punch at his jaw. HOWARD side steps and DOBBS falls into the wall of snow. The force of the impact collapses it. Beyond and below on a narrow saddle of mountain surrounded by jutting mountainsides is a tiny village hidden under ferns and bush.

HOWARD
(to Dobbs, who's struggling to his feet)
There it is, you jackass. Right down there.
(he points down to the village)
Let's go. We'll be eatin' under a straw roof tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT: THE VILLAGE

HOWARD is warmly greeted by a GROUP OF INCAN FARMERS. They talk in a language neither CURTIN or DOBBS has ever heard. HOWARD finishes and waves DOBBS and CURTIN over. He bangs them on the back speaking to the INCAS again.

53 CONTD

HOWARD
(to Dobbs and Curtin)
Just smile and keep nodding. I'm telling the farmers here that we're all brothers come for the harvest.

54 INT: U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

In the background two FEDERAL AGENTS (REYNOLDS and O'CONNER) are hunched over a small body tape recorder. The UNDERCOVER INFORMANT stands a little to the side. The recorder turns, playing back the INFORMANT's wire work. The AGENTS are not happy with what they hear.

INFORMANT'S VOICE ON TAPE
I want to show my appreciation for the business you guys are giving me.

Sound of money changing hands.

ANOTHER VOICE ON TAPE
I appreciate that.

REYNOLDS
That's it? "Show my appreciation ... "? For all we know, you gave him a kiss. You have to say, "Here's the money" or "count it" or ...

INFORMANT
"Here's the money"! Are you crazy? I might as well tell him to speak louder into the mike strapped to my chest. You want me to get killed?

REYNOLDS
I don't give a fuck about you. I just want some evidence I can use in court.

INFORMANT ..
I'll get your fucking evidence ... just don't tell me how to pass money.

O'CONNER
You just blew five hundred dollars of the taxpayer's money.

54 CONTD

In the foreground, TONY is talking to the ASSISTANT D.A.

TONY
You got to get me off of this.

BARRIS
I can't do that, Tony.

TONY
What are you guys, some kind of sick-o's? I can't sit and play dumb while my partner's being set up for a bribe.

BARRIS
What are you worrying about? Frank's an honest cop, right?

TONY
Yeah, but ...

BARRIS
But nothing. Let me tell you something, Tony. If he starts acting up like you tipped him off to what's going on here, I'll give you a Goddamn lie detector test. So don't try anything cute.

TONY's face is wet with sweat. He wipes his hand across it.

BARRIS
(turning to the agents behind him)
C'mon, I want to introduce you to your back-up team. They're going to be monitoring Romano's wire. This is Vic Reynolds and Al O'Conner. Tony Corso.

TONY
(coughing)
You know what? I don't feel so good. I think I'm coming down with something.

55 EXT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and stops. ROMANO and the hooker, BETTY, tumble out of the back seat. They've been

55 CONTD

drinking and having a good time at it, too. He leads her up the stairs into the building.

56 INT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The door bursts open and ROMANO comes in dragging BETTY. They head straight for the bedroom.

56A INT: COFFEE SHOP - FOLLOWING MORNING

BETTY and FRANK are sitting across from one another sipping coffee.

BETTY
The Jefferson ... 12 D.

FRANK
Nice address.

BETTY
He tried to take me to the hotel, but I told him my manager was a bellhop there, and that I wanted to make some bread for myself. So, he took me to his little hideaway. Got what you needed?

FRANK
You bet.

BETTY
So did I. He's a good fuck.

FRANK
No, he ain't, hon. He's a very bad fuck.

57 EXT: A FIELD OF COCA PLANTS

The INCAN FARMERS move through the short shrubs picking off the leaves. DOBBS' spirit has risen considerably since his roll in the snow. He smiles broadly throwing his arms around HOWARD's and CURTIN's shoulders.

DOBBS
That's it? Pulling leaves off a bush?

HOWARD
This is where it all begins.

57 CONTD

DOBBS
How many leaves do we need for a million dollars?

HOWARD
Oh. I reckon about 1000 kilos.

DOBBS
How are we gonna get that down the mountain?

HOWARD
We ain't. We're gonna do all the processing right here. So, the 1000 kilos of leaves are gonna come down to 2 kilos of pure cocaine.

DOBBS
Hey, we can carry a half a million in each pocket.

CURTIN
How many kilos can we process in a week?

HOWARD
Depends on how fast we can set up our processing gear and the boys out there can pick.

MONTAGE: HOWARD, CURTIN and DOBBS along with the INCAN FARMERS pick and process the coca leaves into pure cocaine.

(After the leaves are picked, they are dried over a fire then allowed to "sweat" for a few days until the crisp, dry leaf becomes pliable. The leaves are then loaded into oil drums where they soak in a solution of potash, water, and kerosene. When the alkaloids soak free, the fluid is drained off and the leaves removed, leaving behind a brown paste, which, when treated with hydrocholoric acid, becomes the pure white crystals of cocaine.)

During the long, hot days and the bone cold nights, HOWARD shows DOBBS and CURTIN how to chew the coca leaves to keep their energy up.

END OF MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT: A SCALE

A small mountain of cocaine rests on one side. DOBBS and CURTIN watch HOWARD balancing it out by placing weight on the other side.

CURTIN
How much do you figure that's worth?

HOWARD
Cut eight or nine to one ... I'd say 60,000 American dollars.

DOBBS
When are we gonna start dividing it?

HOWARD looks at him keenly.

HOWARD
Anytime you say.

CURTIN
Why divide it at all? What's the point? We're all going back together. Why not wait until we get paid for the stuff; then just divide the money?

HOWARD
Either way suits me ... you fellers decide.

DOBBS
I'm for dividing it up as we go along and leaving it up to each man to be responsible for his own goods.

HOWARD
I reckon I'd rather have it that way, too. I haven't liked the responsibility of guarding your treasure any too well.

DOBBS
Who asked you?

HOWARD
(smiling)
That's right ... you never asked me. I only thought I was the most trustworthy among us three.

58 CONTD

DOBBS
You? How come?

HOWARD
I said the most trustworthy.
As for being the most honest,
no one can say.

DOBBS
I don't get you.

HOWARD
Well, let's look the thing straight
in the face. Suppose you were
charged with taking care of the
goods. So, I'm somewhere down the
mountain making a call to our
connection one day and Curtin here
is deep in the bush getting fire-
wood. That'd be your big chance
to pack up and leave us in the cold.

DOBBS
Only a guy that's a thief at
heart would think me likely to
do a thing like that!

HOWARD
Right now it wouldn't be worthwhile.
But when our pile has grown to
let's say ... one kilo ... think
of such things you will ...

CURTIN
How about yourself?

HOWARD
To be a good thief, you gotta be
able to run and you guys ain't as
soft as when we started out. And
by the time the pile is big
enough to be really tempting,
I won't be able to run half as
fast as either of you. You'd
get me by the collar and string
me up in no time. And that's why
I think I'm the most trustworthy
in this outfit.

CURTIN grins.

58 CONTD

CURTIN
Looking at it that way, I guess you're right. So, I guess it would be better to cut the process three ways as we process the stuff down. It'd relieve you of a responsibility you don't like.

HOWARD
Swell by me. After we've gotten a couple of grams it'll be a nuisance to carry it around in sacks hanging from our necks, so each of us will have to hide his share from the other two. And then he'll have to be forever on the watch in case his hiding place is discovered.

DOBBS
What a sick mind you have.

HOWARD
Not sick, Dobbs. No, not sick. Only I know what sort of ideas even so called decent folk can get into their heads when coke's at stake.

59 INT: TONY'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

TONY is watching a soap opera. The phone rings. He doesn't move. Finally, his wife MARIA rushes out of the basement where she's been doing the laundry and picks it up.

MARIA
Oh ... hi, Frank. No, he's asleep. Yeah, yeah ... the doctor said it's some kind of Asian flu. Yeah ... yeah. I did tell him ... Okay. Bye.
(she hangs up the phone)
He doesn't believe me, Tony.

TONY
I'll call him.

MARIA
That's what you said yesterday.

59 CONTD

TONY
So I forgot. Will you get off my back?

MARIA
What's the matter?

TONY
I don't feel good, that's all.

MARIA
You're not sick, Tony.

TONY
What are you ... a doctor?

MARIA
No, I'm your wife. And I know when you're lying to me ... and you've been lying a long time.

TONY
What are you talking about?

MARIA
You know what I'm talking about. You're in some kind of trouble and you're not telling me.

TONY
(suddenly breaking down)
I can't, Maria ... I can't.

MARIA
(moving over to him on the couch)
C'mon, Tony, tell me. What is it?

TONY
(starting to cry)
I'm a rat ... a fucking rat!

MARIA
What are you talking about?

TONY
You remember the Baron.

MARIA
The black heroin dealer?

59 CONTD

TONY
Yeah ... when I busted him, he laid five grand on me to cut him loose. Said he'd get someone to stand in for him.

MARIA
Stand in for him?

TONY
Take the rap for him. So we go for a walk and he finds one of his junkies who says he'll take the rap for him. Except he's not a junkie ... he's a Federal undercover agent working for Sessions and he nails me taking five thousand from the Baron.

MARIA
Oh my God.

TONY
So, now they've got me. They're gonna take away my shield, my pension, stick me in Levenworth and throw away the key. Everything we had ... everything we ever worked for would be gone ... finished. I couldn't tell you.

MARIA
Tell me what, Tony?

TONY
I made a deal. They forgot about the five grand and I work for them.

MARIA
Doing what, Tony?

TONY
Corruption cases ... judges, lawyers, bailbondsmen, D.A.'s ... you know.

MARIA
What about cops, Tony?

TONY
No cops. That was part of the deal. No cases against cops.

59 CONTD

MARIA
You're lying, Tony. Why won't you talk to Frank? You getting him into trouble?

TONY
Frank's crazy. He busted this cocaine dealer who's working undercover for us. We tried to get him off him ... but he thinks he's going to make some kind of "French Connection" bust. But all this guy is going to do is set him up for a bribe.

MARIA
I thought you weren't going after cops.

TONY
We weren't. It just got all mixed up.

MARIA
You got to warn him, Tony.

TONY
I can't. If they suspect me of tipping him off, they'll give me a lie detector test. If I fail ... and I will ... they'll throw the book at me.

MARIA
I don't care, Tony. You've got to tell him.

TONY
You want me to go to jail?

MARIA
No, I don't want you to go to jail. But you can't sell out your partner. How could you live with yourself? You've got to tell him.

60 EXT: PERILOUS MOUNTAIN ROAD FROM THE COCA FIELDS TO THE CAMPSITE

HOWARD, DOBBS and CURTIN move down it, prodding their llamas. Each animal is piled high with bales of coca

60 CONTD

leaves. DOBBS' llama has the heaviest burden and moves stubbornly down the narrow trail. Suddenly DOBBS' llama stops ... refusing to take another step. HOWARD and CURTIN continue to move down the road. DOBBS pounds the llama's rump with a stick.

DOBBS
C'mon, you dumb ass.

HOWARD and CURTIN stop and turn back to see DOBBS whipping his animal.

HOWARD
I told you you were loading him up too heavy.

DOBBS
Just mind your own business.

HOWARD shrugs his shoulders and starts back down the road with CURTIN. DOBBS continues to whip the llama. Suddenly, it kicks back, knocking DOBBS off the road and down the side of the cliff. It would be all over for DOBBS if he somehow didn't manage to grab hold of a bush growing out of the side of the mountain. He hangs on to it screaming for help.

CURTIN hears his cries and rushes back up the trail. He sees DOBBS hanging on for dear life. He pulls a rope off DOBBS' llama and drops it down to him.

CURTIN
Grab hold of this.

DOBBS reaches for the rope, grabs it, and hangs on. CURTIN almost gets jerked over the mountain from DOBBS' weight. He tries to pull him up, but he can't.

CURTIN (contd)
Howard, hurry up.

HOWARD comes up the hill and grabs hold of the rope. He and CURTIN pull DOBBS up the side of the mountain and back onto the road. DOBBS is gasping for air.

DOBBS
I was sure I bought it that time.

HOWARD
(running his hands over Dobbs' body)
Nothing broken.

60 CONTD

DOBBS
(slowly getting to his feet and throwing his arms around Howard and Curtin's shoulders)
I owe you guys my life!

CURTIN
Forget it.

61 LATER THAT NIGHT

HOWARD is measuring the cocaine into three equal parts. CURTIN and DOBBS follow his every move. Presently it is divided. DOBBS takes up his share and leaves the circle of light the campfire makes to go off into the dark.

CURTIN
What are you going to do with your money when we get back and cash in?

HOWARD
I'm getting along in years. Oh, I can still hold up my end when it comes to a hard day's work, but I ain't the man I was once, and next year, next month, next week, by thunder, I won't be the man I am today. Reckon' I'll find me some quiet coast town in Florida. Buy myself a big yacht and take rich businessmen fishing. One thing's for sure ... this is my last coke run. How about yourself?

CURTIN
I figure on buying myself a swell farm out in the country. Hell, I've lived in stinking one room sublets all my life; walked through city streets smelling of last week's garbage; clocked in eight house on an assembly line putting together golf carts. Always dreamed about having my own farm -- growing my own food -- raising chickens and corn.

HOWARD
Farming ain't no picnic.

61 CONTD

CURTIN
Hell, I'm not afraid of hard work. But I want to work on something that's my own; that changes because of my efforts; that grows into something better than it was.

DOBBS comes back into the light of the fire.

HOWARD
Sounds like you want to raise kids, not chickens.

CURTIN
Yeah, I guess I do. Got to find a wife, first.
(musing)
Be nice watching your own kids grow.

DOBBS
(laughs)
Watching kids grow! You're killing yourself up here so you can watch a bunch of screaming brats grow?

CURTIN
So, what are you going to do with the money, Dobbsie?

DOBBS
First of all, I'm going to a turkish bath and sweat and soak till I get all the dirt out of my pores. Then I'm going to get a shave, haircut, manicure ... the whole works. Then I'm going to buy myself a thousand dollar suit ... no ... I'm going to buy a dozen thousand dollar suits. Then I'm going to the highest priced restaurant in town and order everything I like and if it ain't just right, I'm going to raise hell; chew out the waiter, and send it all back ...

DOBBS smiles, thoroughly enjoying this imaginary scene at the table.

CURTIN
What next?

61 CONTD

DOBBS
(lowering his voice so the Indians can't hear)
A white woman!

CURTIN
Only one?

DOBBS
That depends on how good she is. Maybe one ... maybe half a dozen.

CURTIN
How do you like them?

DOBBS
A little dirty ... with the kind of mouth that looks like it spends alot of time in places it shouldn't.

HOWARD
If I were you boys, I wouldn't be talking about women up here ... it ain't too good for your present frame of mind.

CURTIN
Guess you're right ... since it's gonna be a long time before we see a white one.

62 EXT: A STREET IN FRONT OF THE JEFFERSON APARTMENTS (ROMANO HIDEAWAY)

It is early evening. FRANK and another older, balding DETECTIVE carrying a dark suitcase enter the apartment building. The detective's name is FALEN.

62A INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

FRANK and FALEN move down the hallway, checking doors until they find one leading to the basement.

63 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENT BASEMENT

FALEN finds the phone box. He opens up his suitcase to reveal wiretapping equipment.

FALEN
What apartment did you say?

FRANK
12 D. Do you believe it took me three weeks to get a court order for this?

63 CONTD

FALEN opens up the phone box and proceeds to wire the phone in 12 D.

FALEN
Where's Tony?

FRANK
He's sick.

FALEN
Too bad ... anything serious?

FRANK
No ... I think it's in his head. He's allergic to this case.

FALEN
You working it alone?

FRANK
Yeah.

FALEN
It's no good, Frank ... you need your partner. All a cop's got is his partner.

FRANK
What are you? The basement philosopher? I can take care of myself.

FALEN
Frank, you know better. There ain't no lone wolves in this business ... except if they're getting into trouble. You're not getting into trouble, Frank, are you?

FRANK
(getting steamed)
No. Are you finished?

FALEN
In a minute.

FRANK
Hurry it up. I want to get out of here.

64 EXT: PERU - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

HOWARD is dividing up the coke. CURTIN and DOBBS take their share.

HOWARD
You know what? I figure in a week each of us has over three kilos apiece. So, we can pay our Indian friends for their crop and their labor and get on down this mountain.

DOBBS
Where do we cash in?

HOWARD
Now, that depends on how adventurous you are, Dobbsie. First, we got to get down this mountain without running into any of the local mafiosi. Then, we got to get into Lima and out again without getting caught by P.I.P.

CURTIN
Who's P.I.P.?

HOWARD
Policia de Investigaciones de Peru. Or otherwise known as the secret police. To us ... gangsters in uniform. If we cash in there, our goods are worth about sixty thousand apiece.

DOBBS
Are you kidding? I didn't work my ass off for any sixty grand.

HOWARD
Bear with me, Dobbsie ... bear with me. Then, we smuggle it into the States. There we can sell it to a dealer for three times as much. That gives us 180 grand apiece.

DOBBS
What are you talking ... I thought I had half a million bucks!

HOWARD
You'd have to deal gram by gram to make that kind of money. It's
(MORE)

64 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
safer to unload all at once on one retailer.

DOBBS
At a lot less profit.

HOWARD
That's right.

DOBBS
Sound like chickening out for short money to me.

HOWARD
This chicken will take 180 grand. More'n enough to last me a lifetime.

DOBBS
Sure ... you're old. But I'm still young. I need cash and plenty of it.

CURTIN
180 grand in one piece is more than I ever expected to get my hands on.

DOBBS
(snorts)
Chicken shit!

HOWARD
You're full of chickens today, Dobbsie.

CURTIN
No use making hogs of ourselves.

DOBBS
Chicken! Hogs!
(turning to Curtin)
You calling me a hog? If I weren't such a fair guy, I should have half of your goods.

CURTIN
How come?

DOBBS
There's no denying, is there, that I put up the lion's share of the cash?

64 CONTD

CURTIN
So you did, Dobbsie ... and I always meant to pay you back.

DOBBS
(pointedly)
This is a business deal and in business the biggest investor always gets the biggest return.

CURTIN
In business ... that's right.

DOBBS
Not that I intend to make such a demand, you understand, but I'd be within my rights if I did. Next time you go calling me a hog ... remember what I coulda done if I'd have wanted.

CURTIN divides off a part of his portion of the coke and gives it to DOBBS.

CURTIN
There you are, Dobbsie. What I owe you with interest.

DOBBS takes the coke, weighs it in his hand; then, suddenly, flings it into the fire.

DOBBS
I just don't like being told I'm a hog, that's all.

HOWARD
(to Dobbs)
Other things aside ... there's alot of truth in what you were saying about you being younger and needing more dough. I'm willing to make it 250 thousand apiece. But we're unloading it all at once.
(to Curtin)
What do you say, partner?

CURTIN
Suits me.

HOWARD
How about you, Dobbs?

64 CONTD

DOBBS
(sourly)
Okay.

HOWARD
Let's shake on it, then.

They shake.

HOWARD (contd)
Now that's settled I got to get down the mountain to a phone and set up a connection in the States.

65 EXT: THE WASHINGTON HOTEL

FRANK is parked across the street. ROMANO comes out and walks down the street. FRANK gets out of his car and follows him. This begins an elaborate cat and mouse game ... with one exception ... the cat lets the mouse escape. Once FRANK is sure ROMANO thinks he's lost him, FRANK walks back to his car, gets in, and drives off.

66 EXT: THE JEFFERSON APARTMENT

From a hiding place across the street, FRANK watches as a cab pulls up and ROMANO gets out and enters the building.

67 INT: ROMANO'S APARTMENT

ROMANO opens the door, crosses the room to the phone. He's about to pick it up when it rings. He looks at it for a second. He's not expecting a call at this hour. He finally picks up the receiver and cautiously places it against his ear. He hears a wave of static. He listens harder and recognizes the intermittent voice. It's HOWARD.

HOWARD
(on phone)
Hello? Hello? Juan?

ROMANO
Howard?

HOWARD
Yes.

ROMANO
I can hardly hear you.

68 CONTD

HOWARD
I'm calling from the mountains. Is everything okay?

ROMANO
Oh, yes. I made some quick investments and I'm free. How did you manage?

HOWARD
I was just quick. Made it back here in time for the harvest. That's what I'm calling about. Can we make a deal?

ROMANO
Of course, Howard. What are friends for?

69 INT: TENT - NIGHT

DOBBS is sleeping, a bar of moonlight is across his face. There is a sudden animal cry in the night. He stirs and turns over. There is another animal cry. DOBBS opens his eyes. CURTIN sleeps soundly, but HOWARD's sleeping bag is empty. DOBBS gets up, picks up his revolver, and moves silently out of the tent.

70 EXT: THE ROAD TO THE CAMPSITE

DOBBS moves down it when he hears HOWARD coming. He draws back into the shadows. When HOWARD is scarcely three feet away, DOBBS steps out, suddenly confronting him.

DOBBS
That you, Howard.

HOWARD
(startled)
You oughtn't to go jumping out at me like that. I might have let you have it.

DOBBS
When did you get back?

HOWARD
Just now.

DOBBS
What did your connection say?

70 CONTD

HOWARD
He's working on it. I'm going to call him again when we get to Cuzco.

DOBBS
You sure you just got back now.

HOWARD
Yeah, I'm sure. What's the matter, Dobbsie?

DOBBS
Heard a mountain cat. Think I'll make sure the llamas are alright.

HOWARD
Help yourself.

He walks away in the direction of the tent.

71 INT: TENT

HOWARD enters. CURTIN stirs.

CURTIN
(sleepily)
What's up?

HOWARD
Nothing's up. Just dead tired.

CURTIN
Talk to your guy?

HOWARD
Yeah ... tell you about it in the morning.

CURTIN sees that DOBBS' sleeping bag is empty.

CURTIN
Where's Dobbs?

HOWARD
Poking around in the dark out there.

72 EXT: DOBBS' HIDING PLACE

DOBBS is knelt down by a hole underneath a rock. He is taking count of his precious little bags of coke.

72 CONTD

DOBBS
Three ... four ... five ... six ...

73 INT: TENT

HOWARD has gotten into his sleeping bag.

CURTIN
He's sure taking a long time.

CURTIN gets out of his sleeping bag and puts on his shoes.

CURTIN (contd)
I'm going out to have a look.

74 EXT: TENT

CAMERA PANS with CURTIN to his hiding place ... a hollow tree. He begins to pick out his bags of coke.

75 INT: TENT

DOBBS enters. He starts to take his shoes off, then he notices CURTIN's absence.

DOBBS
(sharply)
Where's Curtin?

HOWARD
Out there someplace. He said something about having a look.

DOBBS' brow becomes furrowed with suspicion. He starts out of the tent again just as CURTIN enters. He and DOBBS stare at each other wordlessly.

HOWARD
It's come around to me again, but I won't take my turn if you guys'll quit worrying about your goods and go to bed. We got work to do tomorrow.

76 EXT: CAMPSITE - DAY

DOBBS is packing up the camp. He takes a little bottle out, shakes out a line of coke, and snorts it up through a rolled bill. As he does this, he talks to himself.

76 CONTD

DOBBS
You can't catch me sleeping ... don't you ever believe that. I'm not so dumb. The day you try to put anything over on me will be a costly one for both of you.

He hears the sound of hoofs on rock. DOBBS stops talking. CURTIN comes down the road leading the three llamas. DOBBS keeps his back to CURTIN as he passes by without words being exchanged. As the sound of hoofs fade, DOBBS resumes his monologue.

DOBBS
Any more mouthing off and I'll let you have it. If you know what's good for you, you won't fuck around with Fred C. Dobbs.

77 EXT: FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL

CURTIN comes upon HOWARD.

CURTIN
You ought to get a load of Dobbsie. He's talking to himself a mile a minute.

HOWARD
(shaking his head)
Something's eating him. I don't know what. He's spoiling for trouble.

CURTIN grunts and proceeds on down the trail.

78 EXT: BACK AT THE CAMPSITE

DOBBS is mimicking HOWARD's voice.

DOBBS
"First we pay off the Indians ... how about you going down to the village and doing the honors."
(back to his own voice)
Who does Howard think he is, ordering me around?

HOWARD comes up behind him.

78 CONTD

HOWARD
What's that, Dobbsie?

DOBBS
(surprised)
Nothing.

HOWARD
Better look out. It's a bad sign when a guy starts talking to himself.

DOBBS
(angrily)
Who else have I got to talk to? Certainly not you or Curtin. Fine partners, you two.

HOWARD
Got something up your nose?

DOBBS doesn't answer.

HOWARD (contd)
Blow it out ... it'll do you good.

DOBBS
(snorts suddenly)
Don't get the idea you two are putting anything over on me.

HOWARD
Take it easy, Dobbsie.

DOBBS
(still louder)
I know what your game is.

HOWARD
Then you know more than I do.

DOBBS
(railing)
Why am I elected to go to the village? Why me instead of you or Curtin? Don't think I don't see through that. I know you've thrown together against me. You know where my goods are, don't you? So, while I'm gone ... you two clean me out and take off.

78 CONTD

HOWARD
If you have any fears along those lines, why don't you take your stash along with you?

DOBBS
And run the risk of having it taken from me by the mafiosi.

HOWARD
They don't even know about this place.

DOBBS
Says you.

HOWARD
If they did, and you did run into them in the village, you'd be out of luck anyway. They wouldn't just take the stuff ... they'd kill you for having it.

DOBBS
So that's it. Everything is clear now. You're hoping that mafiosi gets me. That would save you alot of trouble wouldn't it? And your consciences wouldn't bother you either!

HOWARD
Okay, Dobbs ... you just forget about going. Curtin or I'll go.

DOBBS turns on his heel and stalks off.

Down the trail, CURTIN is staring at a gila monster. He picks up a rock, but before he can heave it, the big lizard scurries under a boulder. CURTIN drops the rock, picks up a piece of timber, and pokes it under the rock. DOBBS comes up behind him. He's holding a gun.

DOBBS
Just like I thought.

CURTIN turns to face him.

CURTIN
What's the idea?

78 CONTD

DOBBS
Put your hands up.

CURTIN obeys. DOBBS takes CURTIN's gun away from him.

DOBBS (contd)
I got a good mind to blow you away right here.

CURTIN
Go ahead, shoot; but would you mind telling me first what it's all about?

DOBBS
It won't get you anywhere playing dumb.

CURTIN
(suddenly understanding)
Well, now I get it. So that's where your stash is hidden.

HOWARD comes up.

HOWARD
What's all the hollerin' for?

CURTIN
Seems like I stumbled accidentally on Dobbs' stash.

DOBBS
(snorts)
Accidentally! What are you trying to pry up that rock for? Tell me that!

CURTIN
I saw a gila monster crqwl under it.

DOBBS
Brother, I got to hand it to you. You can sure think up a good story when you need one.

CURTIN
Okay, I'm a liar. There isn't any gila monster under there. Let's see you stick your hand in and get your stash out. Go ahead.

78 CONTD

DOBBS
Sure I will. But don't you make a move or I'll ...

CURTIN
Don't worry. I'll stand right where I am. I want to see this.

DOBBS goes down on one knee beside the boulder. He starts to put his hand in, hesitates, then bends forward to look into the hole.

CURTIN (contd)
Reach right in and get your stash. If you don't, we'll think you're plain yellow, won't we, Howard?

DOBBS sneaks his hand forward toward the opening beneath the rock.

CURTIN (contd)
They never let go, do they, Howard, once they grab you ... gila monsters. You can cut 'em in half at the neck and their heads'll still hang on til sundown, I hear. But, by that time the victim don't usually care anymore because he's dead. Isn't that right, Howard?

HOWARD
I reckon.

CURTIN
What's the matter, Dobbs ... why don't you reach your hand in and get your treasure? It couldn't be you're scared to, could it ... after the way you shot off your mouth? Show us you aren't yellow, Dobbsie. I'd hate to think my partner had a yellow streak up his back.

DOBBS springs to his feet, aims wildly at CURTIN, shouting.

DOBBS
I'll kill you, you dirty thieving ...

But before he can pull the trigger, HOWARD knocks the gun out of his hand. CURTIN grabs it up off the ground.

78 CONTD

CURTIN
Okay, Howard, I got him covered. Dobbs, another bad move out of you and you're dead. Hey, Howard, turn that rock over, will you?

HOWARD rolls the rock over with the timber. There is the gila monster, its body arched, hissing, atop DOBBS' coke stash. There are a series of gun shots as slugs bore through the lizard's head, its body rises, its tail thrashes.

DOBBS stares down at the dying lizard, his face is white.

79 EXT: INDIAN VILLAGE

HOWARD and CURTIN shake hands with the INCAN FARMERS. HOWARD pays them and he and CURTIN leave the village waving goodbye.

80 EXT: CAMPSITE

The llamas stand patiently while the THREE MEN finish loading them up.

HOWARD
Well, I reckon that's about everything. Go and get your goods, boys, and I'll get mine and we'll be off.

EACH MAN goes to the hiding place of his coke, gets it out, and brings it back to where the llamas are. They carefully hide their sacks in the packs on the animals.

HOWARD (contd)
I reckon each man's llama with his goods better be his own responsibility.

The OTHERS nod.

DOBBS
Let's get going.

They start, CURTIN in the lead, across the campsite area, into an opening in the bush where the trail begins up the side of the snow covered mountain.

81 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - WASHINGTON D.C.

ROMANO is on the phone. It is a very bad connection.

ROMANO
Where are you calling from? I can barely hear you.

81 CONTD

HOWARD (VO)
The train station ... at Cuzco.

ROMANO
How are you bringing it in?

HOWARD
I was thinking Travolinas.

ROMANO
(considering the idea)
People are actually buying his stuff now. I do not know if he needs us anymore.

HOWARD (VO)
We got over nine pieces pure.

ROMANO
Well, I'll call him. Maybe he'll do a favor for an old patron. When can you be in Lima?

HOWARD (VO)
Two days by train.

ROMANO
Don't take the train ... the PIP will be all over you.

The static gets worse.

ROMANO (contd)
Call me in three days ... and get to a phone I can hear you from.

ROMANO hangs up.

82 INT: BASEMENT OF JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

The tape recorder connected to a wire on ROMANO's phone stops. There is a short pause and then we hear the sound of a dial tone. The tape recorder starts to turn again. Then, a long series of different tones ... ROMANO touch tone dialing.

83 INT: ROMANO'S APARTMENT

ROMANO on the phone. He's talking to TRAVOLINAS. He is speaking Spanish and he's extremely persuasive.

84 EXT: TRAIN STATION - CUZCO

HOWARD walks over to DOBBS and CURTIN who are unloading the animals.

DOBBS
What did he say?

HOWARD
He's working on it. Said I should call him back in a couple of days.

CURTIN
This guy on the up and up?

HOWARD
He's the best. He's been moving coke out of South America for years. Done some muling for him myself. He'll do the job, alright. As for being on the up and up ... no good snow bird is.

DOBBS
How can we work with a guy you can't trust?

HOWARD
You trust me, Dobbsie?

DOBBS is silent.

HOWARD (contd)
You trust Curtin over here?

DOBBS
Yeah, yeah. Most of the time.

HOWARD
Well, I trust Romano most of the time ... and anyway, we got no choice. If you want the big money for your goods you got to trust him.

DOBBS
Okay, okay. What do we do?

HOWARD
Well, for one ... we got to split up.

CURTIN
What do you mean?

84 CONTD

HOWARD
I got to get to Lima fast ... to set up the transportation. We can't take the goods on the train or we're sure to get busted by the cops. You guys have got to take the back trails into Lima.

DOBBS
Why do we have to take the stuff in?

HOWARD
Cause you don't know who to talk to, or how to set the deal up.

CURTIN
He's right about that, Dobbsie.

DOBBS
He's right about this ... he's right about that. I'm sick of Howard being right about everything.

HOWARD
You know what? Hanging around you guys is making me crazy. I wanted to cash in here ... get my sixty grand and get out. Now I'm doin' what I know I shouldn't be doin'. I almost got caught last time I tried smuggling this stuff in. But look at me ... I'm doin' it all over again.

CURTIN
Cool down, Howard. Just tell us what to do.

HOWARD
Okay, Dobbs. You going to listen to me? Or do we split up right here?

DOBBS
(reluctantly)
Okay, I'm listening.

HOWARD
I'll draw you a map showing you how to get to Lima. If you see anybody on the road that looks
(MORE)

84 CONTD

HOWARD (contd)
suspicious you got to duck into the bush. Now, when you get in town, you call me here.

HOWARD takes out a piece of paper and a pencil. He writes down a number.

HOWARD (contd)
It's an all night cafe. If I'm not there, I'll leave a message when I will be.

He gives the number to CURTIN.

CURTIN
Okay, we'll see you there.

First CURTIN, then DOBBS shake hands with HOWARD.

DOBBS
Hey, I'm sorry.

HOWARD
That's okay, Dobbsie.

DOBBS
We're going to be real lonesome without you.

CURTIN
We'll be joining up with you in a flash.

DOBBS
Don't be living it up too hard before we get to town. Save some of the booze and women for us.

He slaps HOWARD on the back. Down the tracks, the train appears moving slowly into the station.

HOWARD
Watch closely, boys.

DOBBS and CURTIN watch over HOWARD's shoulders as he draws the map from Cuzco to Lima.

85 INT: SCULPTURE STUDIO - LIMA

HOWARD and TRAVOLINAS are in an animated discussion in Spanish. Surrounding them are lifesize white plaster figures of men and women of Peruvian street life.

86 EXT: A HIGH, STEEP MOUNTAIN PASS

DOBBS and CURTIN, their breath coming in agonizing gasps, struggle down the trail, beating the llamas, pushing them on, shoulder to quarters. Every few yards they have to stop to give their pounding hearts a rest.

DOBBS
(raising the canteen to drink)
Isn't it always his llama that won't march in line? I'd like to shove him off this mountain and watch him roll all the way to Lima. He rides on the train and we're stuck in the bush with these fucking animals. But he's got to rush ahead of us to set up the deal. Right, Curtin. Raw deal, I'd say. We do all the shit work, while he's cooling his heels in some fancy cafe.

CURTIN
What's the use of bitching about the old man? It won't do any good. Save your breath for that next piece of trail.

DOBBS
I'm stopping here for the night. If you want to go on it's okay by me, only you take the old man's llama with you. It ain't my responsibility.

CURTIN
(looking at the sun)
It's still early. We might make four or five more miles before dark.

DOBBS
No one's ordered you to camp here. You can go twenty miles more for all I care.

CURTIN
(losing his temper)
Ordered me? You? Who's ordering who to do anything? You talk like you were the boss of this outfit.

DOBBS
Maybe you are. Let's hear you say it.
(he looks as though he's ready to fight Curtin)

86 CONTD

CURTIN
Okay, if this is as far as you can go.

DOBBS
Who says it is?
(he takes a step toward Curtin. His face dark with anger)
Don't make me laugh. I can go four times as far as a punk like you. I don't want to go any further, that's all. I could, but I don't want to ... see, punk!

CURTIN
What's the use of screaming at each other? We've started something. Like it or not, and we got to finish it. Alright, let's camp here.

DOBBS
That was my idea in the first place.

He begins to unload the llama standing next to him. CURTIN gives him a hand.

87 EXT: GALLERY ROW - WASHINGTON D.C.

TONY and FRANK are parked in a car across the street from the South American Art Gallery. Through the window, they watch ROMANO talking to a short, dark, well dressed MAN.

88 INT: THE CAR

TONY does not look good. He is unshaven and his clothes look like he's been sleeping in them. He takes a long sip from a large coffee container. FRANK turns to him.

FRANK
Romano's been dealing. I found out where he goes on his strolls and put a tap on his line. He's got nine kilos coming in from Lima soon.

TONY
So, what are we doing here?

88 CONTD

FRANK
Romano's interested in South American art, so ... we're interested in South American Art. You feeling okay? Cause you look like shit.

TONY
Yeah.

FRANK
What was that you had? Some kind of Chink flu?

TONY
Yeah. Frank, what are you going to do when you retire?

FRANK
I don't know. Get some kind of job ... maybe an insurance investigator. I couldn't just do nothing.

TONY
You gonna work?

FRANK
Sure I'm going to work. Can't live on your pension.

TONY
Few cops do. They got their savings.

FRANK
They got some kind of secret I don't know about.

TONY
They make money.

FRANK
You mean they steal money.

TONY
If you don't take it, the next guy's going to.

FRANK
Hey, I think you're a little mixed up, Tony. We're the cops.
(pointing at Romano and the art dealer)
They're the robbers.

88 CONTD

TONY
I did some things, Frank.

FRANK
What kind of things?

TONY
(flatly)
Money things. They caught me.

FRANK
(thinking Tony's kidding)
If they caught you, how come you still got your gun and shield?

TONY
I'm working for them.

FRANK
Oh yeah. Doing what?

TONY
Setting you up for a bribe.

FRANK
What?

TONY
It's true, Frank. I'm working undercover for Sessions. He got so pissed off when you wouldn't give him Romano, he assigned us to bribe you.

FRANK
Us?

TONY
Me and Romano.

FRANK
I don't believe this.

TONY
It's true, Frank.

FRANK
You fuck! I ought to kill you.

TONY
I don't care. Kill me.

88 CONTD

FRANK
What's the matter with you?

TONY
I'm finished. They'll know I tipped you and blew their case. They'll put me in the can and throw away the key.

He starts to open the car door.

FRANK
Where are you going?

TONY
I don't know. Turn myself in, I guess.

FRANK
Get back in the car!

TONY slams the door shut.

FRANK (contd)
Why didn't you tell me? I'm your partner. I would have understood.

TONY
(breaking down)
I was so ashamed. I couldn't tell anybody.

FRANK
(putting his arm around Tony)
So they baited up a hook ... and you took a bite. Big fucking deal! What are we? Saints?

TONY
I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK
Look, Tony, we've been in tough scrapes before. We'll get out of this one.

TONY laughs.

TONY
Are you kidding? That scumbag in there is going to invite us to
(MORE)

88 CONTD

TONY (contd)
dinner and lay ten grand on us for his passport. If you take it, they arrest you and I'm off the hook; if you turn it down, they'll give me the lie detector test and I'm not going to pass. Either way we lose.

FRANK
No, Tony. You're going to pass ... and that scumbag in there is gonna lose.

89 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO - LIMA

HOWARD and TRAVOLINAS stand before a lifesize plaster statue of an Indian woman hunched down before a pile of ten flounders. HOWARD takes a tape measure and measures the fish pile ... the height, the width, and the depth. He turns to TRAVOLINAS.

HOWARD
I reckon eight more flounders should do it.

90 EXT: DOBBS AND CURTIN BY THE CAMPFIRE

CURTIN
I wonder what the old man's doing now.

DOBBS
Finishing a meal of roast turkey and a bottle of tequila, most probably.

CURTIN
This is the first time we've had to handle everything without his help. Once we get the hang of it, it'll be a lot easier.

DOBBS
How far are we from Lima?

CURTIN
(looking at Howard's map)
Not so far, as the crow flies.

DOBBS
But we ain't crows.

90 CONTD

CURTIN
I don't know. Maybe a week. That's figuring no hard luck on the trail.

CURTIN puts more wood on the fire. DOBBS sits staring into space. All at once, he laughs.

CURTIN (contd)
(looks around at Dobbs)
What's the joke?

DOBBS laughs again, louder this time.

CURTIN (contd)
Won't you let me in on it, Dobbsie?

DOBBS
In on it? Sure I will. Sure.

He keeps on laughing.

CURTIN
Well, go ahead. Spill it. What's so funny?

DOBBS
It just came to me what a bonehead play that old asshole made when he left his goods with us.

CURTIN
How do you mean?

DOBBS
Figured to let us do his sweating for him, did he?

DOBBS laughs again.

CURTIN
What are you getting at?

DOBBS
Man, can't you see? It's all ours, now. We don't go into Lima ... no way.

CURTIN
(unable to believe his ears)
I don't follow you.

90 CONTD

DOBBS
Don't be such a jerk. Where'd you grow up? Alright, I'll make it real simple for a dumb ass like you ... we take all the goods and fly the hell out of here leaving the old fart flat.

CURTIN
You aren't serious, are you? You don't really mean what you're saying.

DOBBS
I never say anything I don't mean.

CURTIN puts another stick of wood on the fire, then he turns back to DOBBS.

CURTIN
(firmly)
You're not touching the old man's goods ... you understand me?

DOBBS
(craftily)
Sure, babe. Sure I do. I get your meaning. You want to take it all for yourself and cut me out.

CURTIN
No, Dobbs. I'm on the level with the old man. Exactly as I'd be on the level with you if you weren't here.

DOBBS
Cut the shit, Curtin. I know you for what you are. I've always had my suspicions. Now I know I'm right.

CURTIN
What suspicions?

DOBBS
You can't hide anything from me, brother. I see right through you. For some time you've been thinking about bumping me off and burying me out there in the bush like a dog so you could take off with all the goods ... mine and the old man's.

90 CONTD

CURTIN shakes his head ... he really can't believe what he's hearing.

DOBBS (contd)
When you reach the States safely you'll laugh like hell, won't you, to think what assholes the old man and I were not to guess what you had planned for us. I'm wise to you, babe.

CURTIN looks into DOBBS' eyes, at once fascinated and terrified by the paranoid madness he sees. He bends down to grab his cigarettes. DOBBS, mistaking this for a hostile move, draws his gun.

DOBBS (contd)
Another move, brother, and I pull the trigger. Get your hands up.
(shouting)
Up! Up!

CURTIN raises his hands.

DOBBS (contd)
Higher.

CURTIN obeys. DOBBS smiles, satisfied, nods his head.

DOBBS (contd)
Was I right or was I? You and your "holier than thou" bullshit about protecting other people's goods. You.
(yells suddenly)
Stand up and take it like a man.

CURTIN rises slowly, his hands still in the air. DOBBS reaches for CURTIN's gun. As he does, his own gun accidentally goes off. For a split second, DOBBS is startled. CURTIN, seizing the opportunity, slugs DOBBS across the jaw, knocking him to the ground. He jumps on DOBBS and grabs away his gun. Then he springs up and steps a few paces back.

CURTIN
(two guns pointed at Dobbs)
Now I'm holding all the cards, Dobbsie.

DOBBS
So I see.

90 CONTD

CURTIN
(calmly)
Listen to me. You're all wrong. I never had any plans to rob you or do you any harm. Like I said, I'd fight for you and yours just as I'd fight for the old man.

DOBBS
If you really mean what you say then hand over my gun.

CURTIN empties the cartridges out of DOBBS' gun. Then he holds it out to him. DOBBS looks at it sneeringly.

DOBBS (contd)
My pal.

He spits, then returns to his place by the fire. A long silence follows, broken only by CURTIN.

CURTIN
Wouldn't it be better, the way things stand, to separate tomorrow ... or right now, maybe?

DOBBS
That would suit you fine, wouldn't it?

CURTIN
(perplexed)
Why me more than you?

DOBBS
So you could fall on me from behind, sneak up ... and shoot me in the back.

CURTIN
I'll go ahead.

DOBBS
And wait for me on the trail and ambush me? My pal.

CURTIN
Why shouldn't I do it here and now if I meant to kill you?

90 CONTD

DOBBS
I'll tell you why. You're yellow. You don't dare pull the trigger while I'm looking at you in the eye, that's why.

CURTIN
(shaking his head)
If you think that, I'm going to have to tie you up every night.

DOBBS
(sneering)
Come on and try to tie me up.

CURTIN and DOBBS sit looking at each other. BOTH MEN are exhausted. CURTIN yawns.

DOBBS (contd)
(laughs)
Little tired to be wrestling with a live rattlesnake, aren't you? So let's make a bet ... my kilos against yours that you go to sleep before I do.

He laughs again.

91 EXT: CAFE - LIMA - DAY

HOWARD walks purposefully down a crowded street and into a corner cafe.

92 INT: CAFE

HOWARD walks over to the bar and addresses the BARTENDER in Spanish.

HOWARD
Luis, any messages for me?

LUIS shakes his head no.

HOWARD (contd)
Okay, let me have some coffee.

HOWARD takes a seat at the bar. He leans his elbow down on the dark wood surface and lays his head on his extended hand. HOWARD's fingers drum on his grey brow. CURTIN and DOBBS should have called by now. HOWARD is worried.

93 EXT: THE TRAIL

The pack train on the move. DOBBS in the lead. CURTIN walks like a man in a trance, stumbling every so often out of exhaustion brought on by gruelling days and sleepless nights. Now his eyes are actually closed. He is holding onto one of the llamas' packs, letting the animal guide his steps. Observing this, DOBBS reaches in his pocket and takes out his bottle of coke. He shakes a little on the back of his hand and snorts it up. He replaces the bottle in his pocket and halts. He waits aside on the trail, letting the train pass. Some instinct causes CURTIN to open his eyes just before coming abreast of DOBBS.

CURTIN
(reaching for his gun)
Get up there ahead of the train.

Grinning, DOBBS obeys.

94 EXT: CAMPFIRE OFF THE TRAIL

DOBBS and CURTIN sit a few feet apart, facing each other. CURTIN's eyes finally begin to blink. He gets up, walks back and forth. DOBBS never stops looking at him. Finally, CURTIN sits down. It is not long before his head drops forward. DOBBS starts to crawl over to him. CURTIN jerks awake and draws his gun. DOBBS laughs.

DOBBS
A born nightwatchman. I have to hand it to you. You should try for a job at a bank.

DOBBS stretches out full length, lies on his side, looking at CURTIN. CURTIN's eyes start blinking again. Each time he opens them it is a greater effort. Finally, they remain closed, his breathing becomes deep and regular. DOBBS gets up, goes over to him and slips the gun out of his hand. Then he kicks CURTIN hard in the ribs.

DOBBS
Now I got all the cards and this is the last deal.

CURTIN
(tries to rise; mumbles)
What cards?

DOBBS
Stay where you are. I'm going to finish things up right now.

94 CONTD

CURTIN
(sleepy, muddled)
You mean you're going to murder me?

DOBBS kicks him again to wake him up.

DOBBS
No, brother, not murder. Your mistake. I'm doing it to save my life which you'd be taking the first instant I stopped looking at you.

CURTIN
Don't forget the old man. He'll catch up with you. Just wait and see.

DOBBS
Yeah? Will he? Well, I'll figure out a story for him when the time comes. And you can be sure you won't be around to tell 'em any different.

He laughs as if this were the best joke he's ever heard. CURTIN, fighting to keep awake, tries to shake the sleepiness out of his system, but fails. DOBBS kicks him again.

DOBBS (contd)
Up, now. And march where I tell you. Today I had to march to your music ... now you're going to march to mine.

CURTIN
(struggling to his feet)
Where to ... march?

DOBBS
To your funeral.

DOBBS grabs him brutally by the collar and pushes him ahead into the bush.

DOBBS (contd)
Keep going.

CURTIN
Please, let me sleep. I can't march any longer.

94 CONTD

He falls. DOBBS kicks him again.

DOBBS
Get up. Keep going. You'll have time enough to sleep in a minute.

CURTIN staggers again, with DOBBS close behind, pushing and kicking. When they are far enough in the bush to suit DOBBS, he aims his gun and shoots. CURTIN goes down like a felled tree. DOBBS stands over him a few seconds. CURTIN gives no sign of life. DOBBS walks back to the campfire, where he sits down and stares into the flame. He takes out his bottle of coke, lays down a line in his hand, and snorts it up through a rolled bill. Suddenly, he hears an animal cry out in the bush. He jerks around in the direction of where CURTIN fell as though he expected him to rise up out of the darkness.

DOBBS (contd)
(to himself)
Maybe I didn't kill him. Maybe he only staggered and dropped to the ground without being hit.

His eyes turn back to the fire where they remain staring. Suddenly, he jumps up, takes a thick piece of burning wood out of the fire to use as a torch, and rushes back into the bush. CURTIN is lying motionless in the same spot where DOBBS had left him. DOBBS leans over, goes to put his hand against his victim's chest, then jerks his hand away. He holds the burning stick over CURTIN's face, moving it back and forth, but there is not even the flicker of an eyelash.

DOBBS (contd)
(to himself as he pulls Curtin's gun out of his belt)
It'll look better this way.
(he throws the gun down beside Curtin, muttering)
It's his anyhow.
(he returns to the fire)
They won't find him. I'll dig a hole first thing in the morning.

He gets in his sleeping bag and closes his eyes. Suddenly, they are open and he is sitting up, staring into the surrounding bush; then he laughs to himself.

DOBBS (contd)
Boy, I'm going to put one over
(MORE)

94 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
on that old jackass. But I got to come up with a good story about what happened to Curtin.

He pauses for a second, lost in thought.

DOBBS (contd)
What am I burning my brain up for? I got plenty of time to think up a good story on the trail.

He closes his eyes again, but not for long. After a few seconds, they're open again and they are staring into the fire.

95 INT: FEDERAL DRUG TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS

FRANK is seated at his desk. He's talking to ROMANO on the phone. Lying on the desk is ROMANO's passport.

FRANK
I think I can get it.

ROMANO
(on phone)
My trust in you has not been misplaced.

FRANK
I can guarantee nothing unless I get some hard information.

ROMANO
(on phone)
I will not let you down, Frank.

FRANK
When, Romano? When do I get it?

ROMANO
(on phone)
You must let me show my appreciation. We'll have a wonderful dinner and I will give you everything.

96 INT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS

ROMANO is on the phone with his Washington dealer, GEORGE, THE WHALE, VALVO. Between sentences, GEORGE takes deep wheezy, whistling breaths.

96 CONTD

ROMANO
I had a little problem.

GEORGE
(on phone)
A little problem! I was supposed to hear from you months ago.

ROMANO
I couldn't get the stuff in.

GEORGE
Hey, don't say stuff on my phone cause these cocksuckers who are listening will make it exactly what they want ... junk!

ROMANO
My phone is safe ... no one knows I'll call from here.

GEORGE
Only an asshole like me gets his phone tapped, right? If you're so fuckin' smart, what happened to my delivery?

ROMANO
You must accept my apology.

GEORGE
(on phone)
Fuck you, Romano! You leave me with my fuckin' cock hanging out and you're sorry?

ROMANO
Then will you not do business with me?

GEORGE
(on phone)
I do <u>business</u> ... you cop out.

ROMANO
Please, George ... all the years we've worked together ... have I ever failed you but this once?

There is a long silence over the phone. Then GEORGE lets out a low, raspy sigh.

96 CONTD

GEORGE (VO)
Okay, Juan ... what have you got?

ROMANO
Nine pieces, pure, ready to ship.

GEORGE (VO)
What are we talking?

ROMANO
For my good friend ... seven fifty.

GEORGE (VO)
Why the bargain?

ROMANO
My way of showing my appreciation for the continuing trust.

GEORGE (VO)
Save the testimonial ... you got a deal. When?

97 INT: CAFE - LIMA

HOWARD is on the phone with ROMANO.

HOWARD
We'll have to ship tomorrow or the next day at the latest.

ROMANO (VO)
Is that a problem?

HOWARD
Not if my boys arrive when they should. It may have been a mistake leaving them alone on the trail with all that coke between them. It's a mighty big temptation.

ROMANO (VO)
Howard, I will look forward to seeing you at the Gallery Monday night. If you are delayed, then you must make other arrangements ... and I will see you, sometime.

HOWARD
Don't worry. We'll make it this time.

98 EXT: THE CAMPSITE - MORNING

DOBBS is just finishing the loading of the llamas, which is not easy without the help of a second man. His shirt is drenched with sweat and his impatience mounts to rage. He kicks one of the animals savagely when a pack slips, as though it were the llamas fault. By the time the pack train is ready to start, the sun is high in the heavens. But there is one more task awaiting DOBBS. He has left a spade on the ground in expectation of it. He picks up the spade and starts into the bush, but he only goes a step or two before stopping.

DOBBS
(to himself)
Might be better to leave him where he is. Ain't very likely anybody would stumble on him in there. If they did, they'd just as likely to find a grave as a body. The mafiosi wouldn't have buried him. In a week's time the buzzards and the ants will have done away with him entirely.

While he is standing, arguing with himself, there is a ferocious animal cry. It cuts into DOBBS like a knife. His hands start trembling and he shakes in his tracks.

DOBBS (contd)
What's getting into me? That was only a jaguar.

He pulls himself together and, in an attempt to shake off his fear, takes another step forward into the bush. Again, he falters.

DOBBS (contd)
No. What if his eyes were open? I don't dare look at his eyes. Best thing is to go on to Lima and get out of this Godforsaken country.

He leaves the bush, goes back to the llamas, and shouts at them. The train is once more on its way.

DOBBS (contd)
(resuming the argument with himself)
Better not to bury him. I did right. Yeah. The chance of anybody happening on him inside a week is mighty slim ... and there won't be much of anything left of him by then.
(MORE)

98 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
Only his clothes ... what I should have done maybe ... undressed him and buried his clothes and left him for the ants and the buzzards ...

He stops suddenly. An appalled expression comes over his face.

DOBBS (contd)
Buzzards! They'll be circling overhead. Everybody around'll know something's dead.
(he looks up at the sky, then groans with relief)
They ain't spotted him yet. Lucky for me.

He struggles to get the animals turned around and headed back toward the campsite. Upon reaching it, he ties up the pack train, takes a spade out of one of the packs and moves quickly into the bush. When he gets to the place he shot CURTIN, DOBBS can't find CURTIN's body. He cannot believe his eyes. DOBBS rubs them, then looks again.

DOBBS (contd)
This was the place, right here. I know it was.

Nevertheless, he begins to look around, crawling through the underbrush, looking left and right and becoming crazier every second.

DOBBS (contd)
He couldn't have flown away.
(yelling)
Curtin. Where are you? Curtin.

His voice comes bouncing back at him from the mountain walls. "Curtin. Where are you? Curtin." This really freaks him.

DOBBS (contd)
I gotta get hold of myself. Mustn't lose my head. One thing certain ... he ain't here.

DOBBS slows down and thinks for a second. Suddenly, he comes up with an explanation.

98 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
I got it! A jaguar. It dragged him off, that's what, to its lair. Pretty soon, not a bone will be left to tell the tale. Done as if by order.

He starts laughing devilishly as he starts out of the bush back to the campsite. DOBBS comes up to the pack animals, unties the lead llama and gives it a kick.

DOBBS (contd)
Jaguar got him alright. Took him in his jaws and carried him off. Must'a been a big jaguar ... maybe even a tiger. They can jump a fence with a cow in their mouth.
(suddenly)
His gun ... it wasn't there either! No tiger would've taken that gun away. Maybe he's crawling around in the bush. If he makes it out to the road, he might make it to Lima. I got to get going.
(he viciously whips the animals)
C'mon. Vamos! Vamos! Pronto!

99 EXT: BACK DEEP IN THE BUSH - NIGHTFALL

An INDIAN charcoal burner is tending his fire. A sound that is different from the other noises of the wilderness causes him to stop his work and listen. Locating the sound, he picks a burning branch from the fire, reaches for his machete, and goes to investigate. The INDIAN pushes aside a bush revealing, in the flickering light of the torch, the figure of CURTIN, all in rags and with a bloody head. CURTIN may look half dead, but his eyes burn with vengeful intensity. The INDIAN calls for help.

INDIAN
(in Quechua)
Hidalgo, come here quick. Come and help me.

The INDIAN turns back to CURTIN, raises him by getting CURTIN's arm over his shoulder, and carries him out of the thicket. A SECOND INDIAN appears from the bush on the opposite side of the charcoal fire.

99 CONTD

1ST INDIAN
(in Quechua)
What happened, mister? Were you attacked by a jaguar or what?

CURTIN doesn't understand the language or care what they are saying to him. The only thing that kept him alive this far is one consuming desire.

CURTIN
Lima.
(he can barely talk)
Get me to Lima.

100 INT: CAFE - LIMA - MORNING

HOWARD is having a cup of coffee at the bar. The phone rings. LUIS, the bartender, picks it up.

LUIS
Yeah, yeah. He's right here.
(calling to Howard)
It's for you.

HOWARD rushes behind the bar and takes the phone from LUIS.

HOWARD
Hello?

DOBBS
(on phone. Sounds of a very noisy bar in the BG)
Hi, Howard. It's Dobbsie.

HOWARD
What happened to you boys?

DOBBS
(on the phone)
Those llamas aren't exactly a fleet of race horses. Maybe you could have driven them faster yourself, but you were cooling your heels on the train, weren't you now?

HOWARD
Where are you?

DOBBS
(on the phone)
Getting drunk at a swell cantina.

100 CONTD

HOWARD
You got no time to party now. Everything's set up. We got to be on a plane out of here tonight.

DOBBS
(on the phone)
Hey, we're home free. Everything's working out great.

HOWARD
We're heading into a lot worse jungle than you've ever been in.

DOBBS
(on the phone)
Hey, old man ... you're talking about my native land.

HOWARD
You and Curtin meet me at 26-28 Jirón Arica. Pronto. And bring the goods.

DOBBS
Okay, okay. But I don't know if I'm going to be able to get Curtin away from his bottle of tequila and the swell senorita he's wrapped around.

HOWARD
Just meet me with the goods. We'll worry about Curtin later.

101 INT: NOISY CANTINA

DOBBS hangs up the phone and smiles.

DOBBS
(to himself)
I'm not worryin' about Curtin at all.

102 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO

DOBBS and HOWARD watch as TRAVOLINAS takes their nine kilos of coke and pours it into the hollowed out plaster flounders.

102 CONTD

HOWARD
Travolinas turns our goods into a piece of art; it's shipped to his gallery and our dealer buys it ... the woman, the fish, the whole works. They get a great work by Travolinas plus eight flounders filled with coke and we get our dough.

DOBBS
Old man, you're a genius.

HOWARD
I'm not saying it's not clever, Lord knows I worked it before ... but when you got that much money sittin' out there in the open for everyone to see ... anything can happen.

103 INT: CAFE - LIMA

DOBBS and HOWARD are having a drink. HOWARD looks at his watch.

HOWARD
Where the hell is he?

DOBBS
I don't know. He's probably sleeping it off somewhere.

HOWARD
You know, I'd never figured Curtin for pulling something like this. You, Dobbs, for sure. But not Curtin.

DOBBS
You know, Howard, you've been 100% wrong about me. I know I said some crazy things up there in the mountains. But we all got a little crazy up there. You know, I've always had my suspicions about Curtin ... and maybe he's not dishonest, but he sure as hell is unreliable. I practically had to drive those animals in here myself. And I tell you something else ... he changed from the stand up

(MORE)

103 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
guy I used to know. And I'll tell you why ... he started snorting the stuff out there on the trail.

HOWARD
You saw him?

DOBBS
I caught him a couple of times. And you're right about the stuff, old man. It changes a man's soul. And the sooner we unload it the happier I'm gonna be.

HOWARD
(pondering)
Maybe you're right. Well, we can't wait for him any longer.
(looking at his watch)
We got to get going.

HOWARD takes an envelope out of his pocket. He opens it and takes out a plane ticket. On the ticket's envelope, he writes, "8:00 pm Monday night; Vargas Gallery." He calls LUIS over.

HOWARD (contd)
Luis, if my partner Curtin calls ... give him this.

HOWARD hands LUIS the ticket and a few bills.

LUIS
Thank you, senor Howard. I will take care of it.

HOWARD
Thanks, Luis.
(to Dobbs)
Let's go.

104 EXT: TRAVOLINAS' SCULPTURE STUDIO

A large air express truck is parked outside.

105 INT: TRAVOLINAS' STUDIO

TRAVOLINAS watches as two FREIGHTMEN crate up his sculpture.

106 EXT: ROAD TO LIMA AIRPORT

HOWARD and DOBBS pass by in a cab that turns into the entrance to the airport.

107 INT: AIRPLANE

DOBBS is staring out the window. The door of the plane is just about to be closed and the boarding ramp rolled away when a late PASSENGER bursts out of the boarding area and races toward the plane. The sun is a blazing ball on the horizon, making the LATECOMER a whirling silhouette growing ever larger as he approaches. DOBBS' face goes ashen. He's sure it's CURTIN. HOWARD looks over to him noticing his extreme pallor.

HOWARD
What's the matter, Dobbsie? You look like you've seen a ghost.

DOBBS tries to cover his agitation.

DOBBS
Fucking planes ... make me nervous.

He gulps down the remains of his drink. HOWARD starts laughing.

HOWARD
You got more faces than Lon Chaney and I've yet to figure out which one is yours. Christ, a few weeks ago you were swinging from a rope at the top of the Andes. If Curtin and I hadn't pulled you up, you'd be flying higher than this old plane's ever going to go.

The BLACK SPECTRE runs up the boarding stair and enters the plane. DOBBS rips off his seat belt and pushes past HOWARD into the aisle.

DOBBS
I got to get out of here!

At the head of the aisle, the LATECOMER rushes towards DOBBS. He is about to scream when he sees that it is not CURTIN.

HOWARD
Take it easy, Dobbsie. It's too late to get a boat.

The LATECOMER passes DOBBS and moves into the rear of the plane. DOBBS bursts out laughing at his own foolishness.

107 CONTD

DOBBS
A boat ... that wouldn't do me no damn good ... I can't even swim.

HOWARD
You can't fly either, partner. So sit down and have another drink ... I'd rather die drunk than sober.

108 INT: RESTAURANT

FRANK, TONY, and ROMANO are eating a sumptuous meal. They are on their second bottle of wine and all parties appear to be having a good time. ROMANO is fondling his passport that lies before him on the table.

ROMANO
You are my true friend. I never had any doubts.

FRANK
So, when will you be back, Juan?

ROMANO
Less than a week. That is when the shipment arrives.

FRANK
How are they bringing it in?

ROMANO
Plane. A small Cessna.

ROMANO
Where?

ROMANO
A country airfield ... on the northern border of Virginia. I can show you on a map.

FRANK
How much do you figure?

ROMANO
Much bigger than I thought ... over 100 kilos.

FRANK
My God!

108 CONTD

FRANK takes a big drink from his wine glass. He is very excited.

FRANK (contd)
100 kilos!
(to Tony)
Ever been a cocaine bust that big?

TONY
Not that I know of.

FRANK
(to Romano)
How much is that worth?

ROMANO
Oh, many, many, many millions.

FRANK
So, how do we hit them?

ROMANO
There will be much time to work that out.

ROMANO picks up his passport and slides it inside his coat pocket. Then, he withdraws a long white envelope and places it on the table.

ROMANO (contd)
You must take this and I will feel less guilty for the favor you do me.

FRANK
You lead me to the bust ... that was our deal. And it's all that I need.

ROMANO
(intensely)
No, no. You must take it as an expression of your trust in me, as I trust you and take my passport. We can do business no other way.

ROMANO starts to take his passport from his pocket when FRANK quickly picks up the envelope and jams it into his coat.

FRANK
I'm taking this as your personal bail. If you don't show up again ... I'm keeping it.

109 EXT: RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK and TONY watch ROMANO flag down a cab. He gets in and the cab drives off.

FRANK
I'm going to check if everything went okay.

TONY
What do I do?

FRANK
Check in with your backup team. Then go back to the station and I'll call and tell you where to meet me.

TONY
We got to get Romano. If he says he layed the money on us, it's his word against ours. They'll give me the test.

FRANK
There's not going to be any test cause there's not going to be any Romano.

TONY
What are we gonna do ... kill him?

FRANK
If we nail him with the goods he'll do anything we want. C'mon, let's go.

FRANK walks away from TONY and disappears around the corner into the alley. TONY heads the other direction toward the bar.

110 INT: THE BAR

TONY enters and heads toward a back booth where his backup team, REYNOLDS and CONNERS are seated. On the seat concealed from view is a small tape recorder and receiver. A wire runs to an earplug in REYNOLDS' ear. TONY sits down across from them.

REYNOLDS
What happened?

TONY
What do you mean, what happened? Didn't you get it?

110 CONTD

REYNOLDS
All I got was static. Something must be wrong with Romano's transmitter.

TONY starts laughing.

TONY
Then you fucked up, didn't you? Romano's gone. And you know what? We don't have no case.

REYNOLDS
What do you mean? Didn't Frank take the money?

TONY
I didn't see nothing.

111 EXT: ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER FROM RESTAURANT

FRANK walks past his car to a black-windowed panel truck. He looks up and down the alley to see that he's unobserved. He knocks on the door of the truck. It slides open. Inside is the detective that wired ROMANO's phone (FALEN). FRANK steps inside the truck sliding the door shut behind him.

112 INT: PANEL TRUCK

FRANK is inside with FALEN. On a steel rack in the back of the truck is a radio jammer.

FRANK
Where's Mesce?

FALEN
Tailing Romano.

FRANK
Did you fuck up his transmitter good?

FALEN
All they got was a buzz up their ears.

FRANK
Great. Let's get Romano.

113 INT: DULLES AIRPORT

HOWARD is in a phone booth talking to ROMANO. DOBBS stands outside. He keeps a paranoid eye on the arrivals entrance as though he expected CURTIN to walk through.

113 CONTD

HOWARD
Vargas Gallery ... 8:00 o'clock. Nothing's changed. Okay, we'll see you there.

He hangs up the phone and steps out of the booth.

DOBBS
What's the story?

HOWARD
We're going to an art opening. We got to get suited up.

DOBBS
Is this where we get paid off?

HOWARD
That's right, Dobbsie ... this is where we get rewarded for the fruits of our labors.

DOBBS
Where can I get a gun?

114 EXT: JEFFERSON APARTMENTS - EARLY EVENING

MESCE, FALEN's partner, watches the entrance from a car across the street. FRANK and FALEN walk up to the car and slip inside.

FALEN
What's happening?

MESCE
He's been in there since he left the restaurant. Been burning up the wires, too.

FRANK
Who's he talking to.

MESCE
Well, since I checked the tap ten minutes ago, he made a reservation to fly to Morocco tomorrow night; talked to a guy named Howard ... he's meeting him at the Vargas Gallery at eight tonight; he talked to George Valvo ...

114 CONTD

FRANK
Fat George?

MESCE
Yeah. We almost nailed that fuck last year. But the guy that was gonna testify against him had the top of his head sawed off.

FRANK
Sawed off?

MESCE
Yeah. They found him in a garbage can ... piece by piece. Some of Fat George's friends took a chain saw to him.

FRANK
What happened to just whacking a guy and jamming a canary down his throat?

FALEN
Where have you been, Frank? That was the old "Godfather" generation. Now, they're into the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre."

MESCE
Then he called some broad; she came over. So, I guess he's getting laid now.

115 EXT: DOWN THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE CAR

Down the street come LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY. LUIS has a bent wire hanger and as BENNY and LEFTY act as lookouts, LUIS tries to jam the wire hanger through a parked car window. BENNY sees the THREE COPS watching them and is about to take off when he recognizes FRANK. He races over to the car.

BENNY
Hey, Frank, where have you been?

FRANK
(rolling down the window)
I've been working, Benny.
(MORE)

115 CONTD

FRANK (contd)
(looking at Luis' hopeless efforts to spring the car door)
I see you are, too.

BENNY
What's a stool supposed to do when his partner disappears on him? I got to eat too, you know.

FRANK
I'm sorry, Benny. I've been busy.

BENNY
Have you got anything for me?

FRANK
No. I don't have anything.

FALEN
(mad)
Will you get the fuck out of here!

BENNY
(offended)
Frank, who's this creep ... talkin' to me like I'm some kind of bug? Tell 'em what I am ... tell 'em what you told me I am.

FRANK
(to Falen)
Lay off him ... he's one of my stools.

BENNY
That's not what you said. You said I was an undercover cop ... sort of ...

FALEN
I don't care what the fuck he is ... he's going to blow our cover.

BENNY
(real interested)
You tailing some big dealer? I know all the big dealers. Give me some money and I'll set up the best buy you ever saw.

115 CONTD

FALEN
If you don't get out of here, I'm going to lock you and your car-thieving buddies up.

FRANK
Take off, Benny. I'll call you later and we'll set something up.

BENNY
Fuck you, Frank. I'm not your partner anymore. There are plenty of other cops dying to make cases with me. And they don't forget about old Benny.

He stomps off as ROMANO comes out of the Jefferson Apartments. ROMANO hails a cab and gets in.

FALEN
(to Mesce behind the wheel)
Let's go.

MESCE starts up the car and drives after ROMANO's cab. Down the street, LUIS and LEFTY finally break into the parked car. They call to BENNY who is watching ROMANO's cab.

BENNY
(to himself)
Shit! That's the snowman!

He turns around and races back to the parked car.

116 EXT: VARGAS GALLERY

An art opening is in progress at this large downtown gallery. In the sizable window of the gallery is a rather unique piece of modern video sculpture. It consists of 25 color television sets stacked in rows five sets high and five sets wide to make a 25 screen video mosaic. On each screen is a painting or sculpture that is in the gallery. Some have PEOPLE crowded around them, others are alone, depending on the interest they spark in the milling OPENING NIGHT CROWD. As WE MOVE IN to one of the TV screens, WE SEE DOBBS, HOWARD and ROMANO standing before a painting engaged in animated conversation. One might mistake them for impassioned art lovers engaged in some kind of artistic disagreement. DOBBS and HOWARD decked out in their brand new rack

116 CONTD

bought suits do little to disturb this illusion until WE MOVE INSIDE the gallery, past TRAVOLINAS' prominently displayed "Woman with Flouders," and CLOSE IN ON the TRIO.

DOBBS
(trying to keep his voice down)
What do you mean 600 thousand?

ROMANO
(holding a black leather briefcase)
That is the price. It's all here.

DOBBS
(turning to Howard)
What happened to our fucking million and a half?

HOWARD
How many times do I have to tell you? That's when you cut it and sell it gram by gram. It's very dangerous if you don't know the territory.

DOBBS
The top of that fucking mountain wasn't exactly a ski resort. You guys are pulling something on me.
(to Romano)
How much are you stealing of my money?

ROMANO
(to Howard)
Maybe you should talk to your partner in private.
(he walks over to another painting)

DOBBS
This deal sucks and I'm not taking the short end of the stick.

HOWARD
That's the only stick we got. Hell, I was ready to cash in in Lima. Now, I got three times as much as I ever figured. I say we take the money and go.

DOBBS
I say we take the goods and go.

116 CONTD

HOWARD
You don't get it kid, do you? It's all over ... this is the stick we got, short or long.

DOBBS
Who says?

HOWARD points to a huge fat MAN surrounded by FOUR OR FIVE BEEFY MUGS. GEORGE (THE WHALE) VALVO is about five feet, eight inches tall. He weighs close to three hundred pounds. But, he is not called THE WHALE because of his size. Years of snorting cocaine have destroyed the mucous membrane in his nostrils, and rotted his cartilage. When VALVO breathes, the perforations in the cartilage sound like a whale blowing water.

HOWARD
(pointing)
See that fat man over there?

DOBBS
Yeah.

HOWARD
He says. That's his money Romano's got stashed in that black case. The deal's been made. But I'll tell you something, Dobbsie. If you want to go over there and throw it back in his face, you do it. And me and Curtin, we'll only have to split the cash two ways.

DOBBS
You'd like that wouldn't you? Just as I figured! You and Curtin planning to have me bumped off and splitting the goods yourselves! Well, there's something you didn't figure on, old man. I did a little bumping off of my own already.

HOWARD
(suddenly serious)
What do you mean?

DOBBS
Your partner. Good old Curtin is lying back there on the trail
(MORE)

116 CONTD

DOBBS (contd)
with a bullet in his heart and buzzards pecking out his lying tongue. So, stand clear, old man, or you'll be next!

DOBBS storms away from HOWARD headed out the door of the gallery. HOWARD, troubled, slowly walks over to ROMANO.

117 EXT: VARGAS GALLERY

FRANK and FALEN stand in front of the gallery window watching the TV screens. DOBBS marches out of the gallery and down the street toward a gas station.

FRANK
Did you call Tony?

FALEN
Yeah -- he's on his way.

FRANK
(pointing to one of the TV screens)
There's Romano.

On one of the screens, FRANK watches ROMANO talking to HOWARD.

FALEN
Who's the old guy?

FRANK
Romano's mule. I chased him all over Dulles but he got away.

FALEN
Should we nail them?

FRANK
Where's the stuff? We've got to catch them with the stuff.

ROMANO and HOWARD walk off one screen and then appear on another. This one is dominated by the huge figure of FAT GEORGE.

FALEN
(to the screen)
Hello, Fat George.

117 CONTD

FRANK
This is getting to be a real scumbag convention.

118 EXT: A STOLEN PARKED CAR ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE GALLERY

LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY watch FALEN and FRANK standing in front of the gallery.

BENNY
(looking at the wall of TV sets)
Do you see what I see?

119 EXT: A GAS STATION AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE GALLERY

DOBBS walks up to the ATTENDANT. He pulls a five dollar bill out of his pocket.

DOBBS
Five dollars worth.

ATTENDANT
Where's your car?

DOBBS
I don't want it in a car, I want it in a can.

ATTENDANT
We don't sell gas in a can.

DOBBS takes out a ten dollar bill.

DOBBS
Here's ten dollars for the can.

120 EXT: GALLERY
FRANK AND FALEN WATCHING THE TV SCREENS

On the screen, FAT GEORGE is talking to ONE OF HIS CHUNKY THUGS. The THUG nods and he and ANOTHER BRUISER move away from FAT GEORGE and disappear off the screen. The TWO THUGS appear in the screen featuring TRAVOLINAS' "Woman with Flouders." They station themselves on either side of the sculpture.

FALEN
George's boys seem to have developed a taste for sculpture.

120 CONTD

FRANK
Trouble is they're not looking at it. Looks like they're guarding it.

FALEN
Maybe it's priceless. Don't want someone to pour a drink on it.

FRANK
Yeah ... priceless.

FRANK stares at the sculpture. There is something about the white plaster that reminds him of the old man's cast.

121 EXT: STREET OUTSIDE OF GALLERY

DOBBS comes marching down the street. He's taken his coat off and draped it over the gas can he's carrying. He strides back into the gallery.

122 INT: VARGAS GALLERY

DOBBS walks to the rear of the gallery and stops before a huge Oldenburg-like soft sculpture of a huge Birthday Cake complete with forty limp candles. DOBBS reaches out and feels it. It's soft like a big upholstered circular couch. He opens up the gas can and dumps it over the sculpture. Before anyone realizes what he's doing, he strikes a match and lights it up. HOWARD, who's been standing next to ROMANO, rushes over to DOBBS, who stands before the instantly roaring fire.

HOWARD
What are you doing?

DOBBS
(eyes wide and crazy)
Getting what's mine, old man ... getting what's mine.

The whole back of the gallery is now in flames. The OPENING NIGHTERS panic and rush toward the front door.

123 EXT: STREET IN FRONT OF THE GALLERY

FRANK and FALEN rush the door trying to keep the hysterical CROWD from trampling each other as they jam up in the doorway.

123 CONTD

FRANK
(screaming to Falen)
Get the fire station!

FALEN runs across the street over to his car. MESCE is already on the radio phone.

124 INT: GALLERY

Smoke has filled the room, causing the panicked CROWD to gasp madly for air as they race around blindly trying to find a way out. The madness seemingly hasn't affected DOBBS at all. He draws a gun from under his coat, slams HOWARD across the head, and moves off toward the "Woman with Flounders." HOWARD falls to the floor, his hand holding the gash in his head.

125 EXT: THE DOOR OF THE GALLERY

TWO WOMEN have fallen in the doorway and are being trampled to death. FRANK tries to force his body into the doorway to hold the frantic CROWD back and lift the unconcious WOMEN off the floor. MESCE and FALEN run back from their car. They go to FRANK's aid at the doorway. TONY pulls up in a car, jumps out, rushes up to the gallery window, picks up a steel trash basket and throws it with all his might at the plate glass window.

126 EXT: ACROSS THE STREET

LUIS, LEFTY and BENNY watch the sheet of glass crash to the sidewalk. TONY tries to push the wall of TV sets aside but they are too heavy. So, he attacks them one by one, yanking them off their racks and heaving them onto the sidewalk.

LEFTY
(shocked)
Have you ever seen such vandalism.

LUIS
There's no respect for private property!

BENNY
C'mon ... let's save some for us.

The JUNKIES jump out of the car and rush to the aid of the endangered TV sets.

127 INT: VARGAS GALLERY

DOBBS is leaning over the "flounders." He pries the eight filled with coke off the top of the pile. Suddenly, there's a burst of gunfire, and the plaster woman takes four shots to the body. DOBBS looks up, sees ONE OF GEORGE'S MUGS holding a gun. DOBBS fires back and hits him in the belly. The MUG goes down.

128 EXT: FIRE EXIT BEHIND THE GALLERY

ROMANO, carrying the briefcase full of money, pushes the fire exit door behind the flaming birthday cake. It bursts open revealing a back alley. Right on ROMANO's heels is FAT GEORGE. As ROMANO gets through the door into the alley, FAT GEORGE clamps his hand on the briefcase handle.

FAT GEORGE
Where are you going with my money?

ROMANO turns around to face FAT GEORGE, who's having difficulty getting his bulk through the doorway. ROMANO drop kicks the briefcase right into FAT GEORGE's balls. FAT GEORGE keels over back into the flaming room releasing his grip on the briefcase. ROMANO slams the door and starts searching the alley for something to jam up against it.

129 EXT: FRONT DOORWAY OF GALLERY

FRANK, MESCE, and FALEN manage to pull the TWO unconscious WOMEN up off the floor and unblock the doorway.

130 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY, with the help of the JUNKIES, has taken out a doorway size rack of TV sets.

131 INT: GALLERY

DOBBS, through the smoke and confusion, sees the opening through the TV sets. His gun in one hand and the eight flounders in the other, he moves toward the window.

132 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY steps between the racks into the gallery.

133 INT: GALLERY

DOBBS sees TONY filling up his exit. He raises his gun and fires.

134 EXT: GALLERY WINDOW

TONY, catching the shot in the chest, flies out onto the sidewalk.

FRANK guiding the frantic CROWD out of the door, catches sight of TONY as he hits the sidewalk. Down at the end of the street, a firetruck turns the corner.

The JUNKIES grab up the TV sets piled on the sidewalk and race toward their car.

DOBBS, gun in hand, moves through the passage between the TV sets. FRANK steps away from the doorway and draws his gun. DOBBS moves through the window and steps onto the sidewalk pausing for a moment over TONY's body.

FRANK
Hold it right there!

The firetruck screams down the street. DOBBS turns toward FRANK. They look at each other. DOBBS holds his gun on FRANK.

FRANK
Drop it!

Suddenly, a GROUP OF PEOPLE burst out of the door and knock FRANK to the ground. DOBBS starts to fire. FRANK rolls over frantically dodging the bullets. The firetruck screeches to a halt in front of the gallery. A hand with an iron grasp clamps down on DOBBS' gun hand. It's CURTIN. He's sickly white, like a ghost, with burning red eyes. His grip is so hard that DOBBS drops the gun. CURTIN's hands leap to DOBBS' throat and throttle him. The coke flounders fall from DOBBS' grasp into the gutter. The FIREMEN come off the truck and start hosing the fire down.

FRANK pulls himself to his feet and watches CURTIN choking DOBBS. He is about to stop him when he sees ROMANO sneaking out of the alley, briefcase still in hand. He turns and points his gun at him.

FRANK
Just stop right there, Romano.

ROMANO bolts and runs down the street. FRANK fires and misess. He runs after him. Two cop cars pull up. Their doors swing open and FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS pile out. ONE of them runs smack into BENNY, who's holding a TV set. BENNY drops it. It crashes down, smashing the coke flounder in the gutter.

134 CONTD

UNIFORM COP
(to Benny)
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

BENNY
(all innocence)
Protecting private property.

UNIFORM COP
Get the fuck out of here!

HOWARD, holding his bleeding head, stumbles out of the gallery window. He sees CURTIN on top of DOBBS. HOWARD tries to pull him off.

HOWARD
Curtin! It's me, Howard! Howard!

CURTIN comes to his senses and loosens his grip.

HOWARD (contd)
C'mon, let's get out of here.

CURTIN helps HOWARD up off of DOBBS and they stumble across the street. The water overflowing from the fire hoses gushes into the sidewalk gutter rushing around the TV set anchoring the mashed flounders underneath it.

135 EXT: DOWN THE STREET FROM THE GALLERY

FRANK chases after ROMANO.

136 EXT: STREET ACROSS FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD guides CURTIN off the street and on to the sidewalk. HOWARD's not fully recovered from the knock DOBBS gave him on the head. But he manages to lead CURTIN up the block away from the gallery.

CURTIN
(rambling)
I came to in the middle of the night. I figured he'd come back again in the morning to see if I still had a flicker of life. I thought of waiting for him and letting him have it, but there was a good chance I might
(MORE)

136 CONTD

CURTIN (contd)
miss. So, I crawled away like a poisoned dog. Some Indians found me and got me to Lima. I called the cafe and Luis told me about the ticket. I didn't think I'd make it, except that every time I felt like quitting, I'd remember that bastard shooting me down in cold blood.

137 EXT: A BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

Cars are frantically pulling to the side of the road to make way for a screaming fire engine.

138 EXT:: THE FLAMING GALLERY

The COPS and the FIREMEN are busy saving PEOPLE and subduing the blaze. Across the street, the JUNKIES' car is full of TV sets. BENNY's eye is riveted to one left in the gutter. He gets out of the car; sneaks through the CROWD, picks it up, and runs back to the car. Freed from their anchor, the coke flounders move down the sidewalk gutter driven along by the flow of water. DOBBS' eyes flicker open. He sees the flounders floating down the gutter. He picks up his gun, pulls himself to his feet, and starts after them.

139 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

ROMANO races off the sidewalk into the street. The fire engine bears down on him. FRANK stops running, kneels down, and takes aim.

140 EXT: THE CORNER UP THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD and CURTIN reach the corner. PEOPLE stream past them racing to the fire. Across the street, the flounders are moving quickly toward the open sewer at the corner.

141 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

The fire engine is almost on top of ROMANO. FRANK screams out to him.

FRANK
Stop!

142 EXT: THE CORNER UP THE BLOCK FROM THE GALLERY

HOWARD and CURTIN reach the corner and turn back to look at the flaming gallery. HOWARD catches sight of DOBBS stumbling after the coke flounders as they float toward the open sewer. HOWARD points.

HOWARD
My God! Dobbs!

TONY slowly sits up. He presses his hand against the bullet wound in his chest. Down the street, he sees DOBBS getting away. He painfully draws his gun, aims, and fires. He hits DOBBS in the back. DOBBS staggers into the gutter.

143 EXT: THE BUSY INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

The fire engine mows down ROMANO. The black briefcase flies open. Bills explode in all directions. FRANK holsters his gun and walks out into the street. He looks down at the mangled body of ROMANO. Money swirls around them.

144 EXT: THE OPEN SEWER ACROSS THE STREET FROM HOWARD AND CURTIN

The coke flounders rush through the opening and suddenly stop. They're caught, wedged in the mouth of the sewer. DOBBS falls into the gutter and crawls after them.

145 EXT: THE INTERSECTION DOWN THE BLOCK

FRANK kneels down next to ROMANO's blood-soaked body. He takes the white envelope out of his coat and slips it into ROMANO's inside pocket.

146 EXT: THE CORNER ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SEWER

HOWARD and CURTIN watch motionless as DOBBS, in his final dying effort, reaches out for his goods.

CURTIN
You know, old man ... you're right. That stuff does terrible things to a man's soul.

HOWARD nods.

CURTIN (contd)
Let's go.

146 CONTD

They turn their backs on DOBBS and the cocaine flounders and move down the block. DOBBS dies, collapsing in the gutter, causing a wave of water to hit the wedged flounders and dislodge them. They disappear down into the mouth of the gutter.

THE END